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ARICHANDRA,

4070

THE MARTYR OF TRUTH:

18662

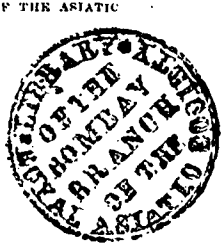
A Tamil Drama,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

MUTU COOMÀRA SWÀMY,

MUDELIÀR,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, OF LINCOLN'S INN; MEMBER OF HER MAJESTY'S LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF CEYLON; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY; FELLOW OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS; AND MEMBER OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF PARIS.



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1864.

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To

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

MADAM,—

The honour of dedicating a book to Your Majesty has been sought, for the first time, by one of those millions of Orientals over whom You have been declared the first British Empress, and to whom, by the proclamation last issued under the sanction of Your august name, You have accorded a charter of rights which opens up to them new careers of usefulness and happiness.

Yet it is not to commemorate events such as these, great as they undoubtedly are, nor, in verity, is it from being dazzled by the lofty eminence which Your Majesty

occupies as the sovereign of one of the mightiest empires the world has seen, that I have solicited the distinction of this dedication; but because it has been my heart's wish to leave though but a fleeting record of the unbounded admiration which the many virtues adorning Your character have inspired in the minds of all, both natives of these realms and foreigners to them; as, also, of the brilliant example which Your Majesty has set in Your own person to indicate, not only to Your successors, but, indeed, to all the magnates of the earth, that their best title to govern men consists in their submitting themselves to be governed by the dictates of Piety, Morality, and stern and unswerving TRUTH.

Your Majesty's

Most obedient servant,

MUTU COOMARA SWAMY.

THE ATHENÆUM,

London, November, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.

THE researches of Oriental scholars have shown the world of letters in Europe that the literature of the Hindus abounds in dramatic works. One of these, the *Sakuntalá*, or the "Fatal Ring"—the *chef d'œuvre* of Kalidàsa, "the Shakspeare of India"—has called forth the following tribute of admiration from no less a poet, philosopher, dramatist, and critic than the immortal Goethe,—

"Willst du die Blüthe des frühen, die Früchte des spätern Jahres,
Willst du was reizt und entzückt, willst du was sättigt und nährt,
Willst du den Himmel, die Erde, mit einem Namen begreifen:
Nenn' ich, Sakontalá, Dich, und so ist Alles gesagt."

These lines have been thus rendered into English by Professor Eastwick, as cited by Professor

Monier Williams in his recent translation of that play:—

"Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed—
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakuntalá! and all at once is said."

Though it may not be easy to find another work which merits so high an encomium, yet the glories of the Indian drama end not here: indeed the labours of Professor Wilson prove that even in Sanscrit and Pracrit there exist many other plays of rare excellence, deserving the attention of the learned men of the Western World. Nor are dramatic works confined to these languages: for in all the numerous tongues which serve as the media of thought for India's millions of inhabitants, dramas of some kind or other are extant. The Indian mind has shown itself active in this direction, not merely in ancient times, but modern events also have furnished the materials for novel and perhaps fantastic plays. The far-famed *Nil Darpan*, which was the offshoot of the great indigo controversy, and the nucleus of so much excitement in Indian politics, is not quite unknown to English readers. The Hindus, in truth, appear

to have cherished a peculiar leaning for displays of histrionic talent; and, led by their ardour for theatrical representations, not only have they ransacked their ancient legends for subjects, but, not content with the immense field which these offered, they have also made their philosophy and metaphysics subservient to the same purpose. Thus the *Prabhòda Chandrodaya*, or "Rise of the Moon of Intellect," is, like many others, a purely philosophical play, in which the different faculties of the human mind, as analyzed by Indian sages, are made the principal actors, its learned author embracing the opportunity to instruct Orientals on such abstruse subjects as the origin of man's misery and the means of redeeming his enslaved soul.

Whilst this department of literature was thus sedulously cultivated in Northern Hindustan, especially under the august influence of *Vicramaditya* and his court of poets in *Oujein* or *Avanti*, it met with no less encouragement from the people of the South. Here the *Dravidian* languages long prevailed, and amongst them the Tamil acquired an early pre-eminence: it is spoken by a large section of the Hindus, and possesses an extensive literature, comprising within its range not only

several works of original thought and research, but also paraphrases and translations of nearly all the most distinguished productions of Sanscrit learning. While the *Jaina* philosophers made the Tamil the repository of their ratiocinations and metaphysical dissertations, its poets and dramatists found no mean patrons in the *Pandian* Kings of Madura, where once flourished a *Sangam*, or college of learned men, somewhat akin to the *Académie Royale* in the days of Louis XIV. The number of its select associates was small, and admission into its narrow circle beyond the reach of any but the most highly gifted favourites of the Indian muses. It was about this time, when literature met with such lively support from the Court of Madura and its munificent kings—who, in their own peculiar sphere, may not be unaptly considered the distant rivals of the Ptolemies of Alexandria—that Tamil literature made rapid strides, and counted amongst its immortal ornaments such poets as *Tiruwallever*, the author of the best treatise on Oriental ethics; *Kamben*, the accomplished paraphrast of the national epic—the Sanscrit *Ramàyana;* and *Villiputturen*, who, diving deep into the immense folios of another great but cumbrous Indian epopee,

the *Mahàbhàrata*, gave vent to his poetical afflatus in a masterly compendium of the voluminous original in strains of *classical** Tamil so suave, simple, and vigorous, that his work may, without hesitation, be pronounced no unworthy companion even to the master-productions of a Homer, a Virgil, and a Milton. It was then, too, that *Arichandra*, reputed to be one of the episodes of the *Mahàbhàrata*, formed the subject of a distinct Tamil poem, entitled the *Arichandra Puràna*.

The readers of the *Mahàbhàrata* need scarcely be reminded that the *Pandàva* princes, who are the principal characters of that epic, were banished their country, and condemned to pass several years of their lives in the wilderness, as a consequence of losses which they had sustained at the gaming table, where, enticed by an adroit player into staking their royal patrimony, they eventually lost it, owing to the unfair advantage taken of them by their crafty antagonists—their cousins. During the period of their exile, they spent the greater part of their time in the hermitages of ascetics, who, commiserating their fallen condi-

* There are two kinds of Tamil; the one called *Shen* Tamil, meaning the classical or High Tamil; the other, *Kodun* Tamil, meaning the common or Low Tamil.

tion, rendered them every assistance, and beguiled them at times with consolations based on the chronicles of several ancient sovereigns of India, towards whom Dame Fortune had exhibited her freaks in a yet more wanton and merciless manner than towards their royal guests. No endeavours were spared to point out the vanity of all human wishes, the perils and risks attendant upon wealth, honour, and power, and to demonstrate by example, how, in the words of the great Roman satirist—

> "Qui nimios optabat honores,
> Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
> Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
> Casus et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ." *

Amongst the various *historiettes* which were recounted in illustration of the principles they taught, that of Arichandra, the King of Ayòdiah, is held to occupy a pre-eminent place. Its singular beauty in the eyes of the Tamils induced their poets at first, as has been intimated above, to make a distinct poem of it, and its lasting popularity eventually resulted in its affording the incidents of an exciting tragedy.

Thus the drama, of which this volume attempts

* *Juvenal*, Sat. x.

to furnish a translation, is purely Tamil, though the germ of the plot may be traced to a Sanscrit origin. Indeed, the value of the work, if any, consists in its being a Tamil play; for though several translations of the Sanscrit drama are to be found, yet no specimen of the Tamil has been presented in an European guise. The latter is, nevertheless, more extensive than even the Sanscrit; for while a learned Sanscrit professor has counted the number of plays in that language to be nearly sixty or thereabout, those in Tamil exceed perhaps a hundred. Of all these, *Arichandra* is held to be the most popular. The fate of its hero and heroine has again and again drawn tears from the crowds who so eagerly congregate in all parts of Southern India and Tamil-Ceylon to witness its representation. To have thus attained the foremost rank, despite its numerous competitors, the work must have possessed some distinctive merit of its own, or portrayed those sentiments which were most in unison with those of the people among whom it found so hearty a reception. Hence its title to be a fitting specimen of the Tamil drama.

Besides its great popularity, and its thereby affording foreigners an excellent key to the pecu-

liarities of the national tone of thought, its claims to distinction rest also on the moral which it conveys. The whole gist of this play may be summed up in the words, "*Better die than lie!*" It may, therefore, be a source of some encouragement to those who inculcate the desirability of improving the benighted Indians with a better code of morals than that which their own systems of philosophy teach, that even amongst them are to be found admirers of such characters as *Arichandra*, who, though persecuted for his persistent adherence to truth and virtue, yet maintains his constancy to the last, regardless of consequences, in the midst of the most excruciating tortures, and in the presence of death itself. The story of Arichandra may be a myth; but the response which its representation meets with in the hearts of a large section of the Hindus is a fact.

No remark need here be offered as to the similarity which the trials and temptations of Arichandra and his final triumph bear, in some respects at least, to the history of Job; nor is it necessary to point out how, in other phases, this play bears some resemblance to the early mythological dramas of ancient Greece. Criticisms such as these will naturally suggest themselves to the

European scholar. There are, however, two or three thoughts prominently expressed in some portions of this drama, which bear such a close analogy to passages in the writings of western authors that it may be excusable to draw attention to them. In p. 163, where Arichandra's minister is made to harangue his master as to the emptiness of all human relationships, he expresses himself in the end thus—"Where happiness is, there also unhappiness must necessarily be. Seek the one and you seek the other as well; for pleasure ever ends in pain, whilst pain ever leads to pleasure." This idea is evidently borrowed from a learned work on the *Vedàntic* philosophy, called *Vasittam*, where these thoughts occur in almost the same words. It may, however, be interesting to note that such was also the doctrine propounded by Socrates, who, on the day of his execution, when released from his fetters, and before imbibing the poisonous draught, according to the *Phædo*, taught the disciples who hung on his last words—Ὡς ἄτοπον, ὦ ἄνδρες, ἔοικέ τι εἶναι τοῦτο ὃ καλοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρώποι ἡδυ. ὡς θαυμασίως πέφυκε πρὸς τὸ δοκοῦν ἐναντίον εἶναί, τὸ λυπηρόν, τῶ ἅμα μὲν αὐτὼ μη ἐθέλειν παραγίγνεσθαι τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ, ἐὰν δε τις διώκῃ τὸ ἕτερον

καὶ λαμβάνῃ σχεδόν τι ἀναγκάζεσθαι ἀεὶ λαμβάνειν καὶ τὸ ἕτερον, ὥς περ ἐκ μιᾶς κορυφῆς συνημμένω δύ ὄντε.*

In another paragraph also, in page 104, Wis Wàmitra moralizes as follows:—"When one lends you money, you are happy, and you adore him as your kind friend; but when he insists on repayment, you imagine that he is inflicting on you a great hardship, and hate him as your greatest enemy. The money-lender is the sweet sugar-cane at first—he becomes a branch of the bitter *margosa* tree at last." The student of Shakspeare will at once recall to mind the corresponding passage in *Hamlet*, where Polonius includes amongst his precepts to his son Laertes the following:—

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For *loan oft loses both itself and friends.*"

In page 35, again, there occurs the following passage:—

"It is easier by far to plumb the depths of the

* "What an unaccountable thing, my friends, that seems to be which men call pleasure; and how wonderfully is it related to that which appears to be its contrary, pain; in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time; yet if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were both united together from one head."

deepest seas — yea, easier to walk unscathed through the scorching flames of a fire spreading aloft to the skies—than to probe the hearts of women. To scan the mischief therein harboured is indeed beyond the power of man."

The admirers of French light literature may perhaps consider this a testimony from a distant land to the truth of what Balzac says of women, in chap. vii. of the *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*:—

"Le jésuite le plus jésuite des jésuites est encore mille fois moins jésuite que la femme la moins jésuite: jugez combien les femmes sont jésuites! Elles sont si jésuites, que le plus fin des jésuites lui-même ne devinerait pas à quel point une femme est jésuite, car il y a mille manières d'être jésuite, et la femme est si habile jésuite, qu'elle a le talent d'être jésuite sans avoir l'air jésuite."

Various parallels of this nature with the thoughts of the West may be traced in all Oriental works; and as they are likely to be noticed by the critical reader, those found in this book need not be further specified.

It only remains to add a few words in connection with the text of *Arichandra*, and the mode

in which it has been attempted to render it into English.

There exists no recognized text of *Arichandra:* all the copies found in the possession of the actors of Southern India and Tamil-Ceylon, as well as those preserved in the libraries of private individuals, resemble each other only in the main features of the story and its more important incidents, but differ widely as to the opinions and remarks which the *dramatis personæ* are made to enunciate. Nor is it difficult to account for the discrepancies: the play existed only as a manuscript until within a few years, when an imperfect edition of it was printed at *Negapatam.* It is full of errors and entirely unreliable. The manuscripts are chiefly written on the leaves of the *Palmyra* palm, and the facility which manuscripts always offer for interpolation and alteration has enabled the inhabitants of the various districts which constitute the immense *Tamil-land* of India, to modify the original without, however, completely recasting it, in such a manner as to suit the peculiar tastes and fancies of different classes, at different periods. It is therefore needful to make a careful collation of all the available texts to arrive at a reliable original of this drama;

hence, also, the great necessity for the exercise of a judicious discretion as to what to translate, what to omit as spurious, and what to add to fill up an evident gap. In this state of uncertainty about the text, and in the absence also of anything to serve as a clue for arriving at precise information on the subject, it will be unsafe to pronounce an opinion as to the date when *Arichandra* was first brought on the stage, or as to the name of the author who first cast the story into dramatic form.* The edition of Negapatam claims the authorship for a *Renga Pillay* of a *Palavecàdu* (in the Madras Presidency), but his title to it rests only on his having converted the ancient play or *Nàtakam* of *Arichandra* into poetry of a different metre, and given it a new form, which constituted it into a *Velaasam*, as it is termed. It must be borne in mind as well, that the Tamil plays are not divided into acts and scenes, as in the Sanscrit drama; but that such a division has been resorted to in the translation, for the sake of rendering it easy of reference.

The translation itself is not literal throughout, nor can it be strictly said to be an entirely free

* If a mere conjecture can be of any value, this play, in Tamil, may be supposed to have been in existence for about 500 years.

one; for it will be remarked that in various passages an attempt has been made to reproduce, in an English garb, not only the peculiarities of Indian thought, but also the sinuosities and eccentricities of the construction of Indian sentences. This, if successful, would seem to be the best mode of rendering a play from one language into another; but how far the attempt has in the present instance fallen short of success, its readers can best judge. It is the more necessary to mention this as it may serve to explain any stiffness of style in the translation that is likely to grate on English ears.

It may not be quite irrelevant to add that the Tamils have no separate work on dramatic composition, such as the Sanscrit *Dasa Rupaka* or the *Sangita Retnácara.* On closely scrutinizing a Tamil play, it will be discovered that there is anything but a strict conformity to the recognized canons of dramatic literature as regards the unities of time, action, and place; and that the imagination of the audience is expected to furnish much that is necessary to supply the many breaks, and explain the great inconsistencies of the piece. It may be useful also to observe that there are no permanent theatres on the scale or of the preten-

sions of those in Europe, and that acting is always accompanied with singing and dancing. In consequence, the dramas are, like the Greek, written generally in poetry of different metres, interspersed with prose. *Arichandra* is no exception to this rule. Both its verse and prose are, however, in the present translation rendered into English prose.

In a translation of any foreign work there necessarily occur many words and idioms which require explanation: some notes are appended to enable the reader to understand their meaning; and if they are not sufficiently copious, the only excuse that can be pleaded for their meagreness, as indeed for the imperfections of the whole translation, is that the translator, though he has long entertained a wish to introduce this work to the notice of Europeans, and made a few sketches of it when he was in the East, yet, since his arrival in England, has had but a limited time to devote to the work of translating and carrying it through the press.

Dramatis Personæ.

GODS.

Siva—The first of the Hindu Triad.
Indra—The King of the Gods, and the President of Paradise.
Agni—The God of Fire.
Yama—The God of Death.
Nàrada—The God of Music.
Other Gods.

GODDESSES.

Durga—The Patron Goddess of Heroes.
The Goddess of Virtue.

MEN.

Arichandra—The King of Ayòdiah.
Devadàsa—His Son, a Child.
Sattyakirti—His Prime Minister.
Pilgrim Brahmins.
Mathetheyan—The King of Cannamàpoori.

Kekaya—A King.

The King of *Mègadha*.

The King of *Kàsi*.

Vasitta—A Sage, and the Family Priest of Arichandra.

Wis Wàmitra—A Sage, the enemy of Vasitta.

Sali and *Sitta* } Wis Wàmitra's Disciples.

Nekshetra—His Messenger.

Kalakanda—An aged Brahmin of Kàsi.

Veravakoo—A *Parial*; the Burner of Corpses and the Public Executioner at Kàsi.

Sesha, *Coopa*, *Supa* } Brahmin Boys.

The Guards of *Kàsi*.

Their Captain.

Other Brahmins, Priests, Sages, Hermits, Ascetics; Kings, Chiefs, Ministers, Officers of State, Commanders of Armies, a Court Scribe, Messengers, Heralds, Lookers-on, Citizens, Cultivators of Lands, Huntsmen, their Chief, and other Attendants.

WOMEN.

Sandramati—Queen Consort of Arichandra and Daughter of *Mathetheyan*.

Savoonthi—Her Companion.

The Chief Attendant of *Sandramati*.

Other Attendants, Maidens and Damsels.

Apsara Girls—Songstresses and Dancing-Women.

Kalakandi—Wife of Kalakanda.

Veravakoo's Wife.

GOBLINS.

The King of the Goblins.
His Followers.

ANIMALS.

Wild Beasts and Birds.
A Boar.

Scene.

First, on *Earth*, in Ayòdiah and Cannamàpoori, and thereabout; then, in *Heaven*, in Indra's Paradise; again on *Earth*, at and near Ayòdiah; on the road thence to *Kàsi*; and lastly, at *Kàsi* itself.

Time.

Several months.

ARICHANDRA,

THE MARTYR OF TRUTH:

A TAMIL DRAMA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Palace in Ayòdiah.[1]

THE HERALD[2] OF THE PALACE.

KNOW ye that the sovereign of this sea-girt earth is *Arichandra,* the son of *Trisanku?* Where is the man that has not heard of the benignant rule and the transcendent virtues of the Lord of *Ayòdiah?* What scion of the *Solar*[3] dynasty has shed greater lustre on his royal lineage? Ah

friends, look around: this is his audience-hall. In magnificence it equals even that of the King of the Gods—*Indra*.[4] Here wait numberless princes of India to pay homage to their Lord Paramount;—sages, devotees, and Brahmins,[5] ready to shower benedictions on their august protector. These are his ministers and state officers. Yonder glitter the pikes, the scimitars, and the burnished bucklers of the warriors guarding the colossal gates of this crystal hall. Around us we see doughty cavaliers mounted on princely steeds, curvetting in all directions. Richly caparisoned elephants — their protruding tusks armed with keen sabres—are driven about by skilful riders. Gay cars and war-chariots are running hither and thither: their high-mettled horses seem to move with wings! The people of the land are crowding to see their beloved King. Their contented look and mirthful conversation betoken prosperity and happiness. Ah! what have we to complain of under the sway of such a merciful ruler as Arichandra?

Lo! the auspicious moment has come: the echoes of the trumpets resound: the din of the drums is deafening. Groups of lovely *Apsara*[6] girls appear, sing, and dance before the throne.

Hush!—hush! I hear a noise within. Yes; it is the King on his way to the audience-hall, followed by his retinue. [*Proclaims*] Our monarch comes: rise, all here, to receive him.

[ARICHANDRA *and his retinue come from an inner apartment. The ministers and officers present themselves before him, and the audience pays homage to the King. He mounts the throne.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Praise be to Him who is the God of Gods! Let Him make the soul-saving Vedas[7] flourish! By His grace let the Sciences[8] thrive! Let our fields and gardens be fruitful! let rain descend from above; let our lands be saturated at least thrice a moon; and let the men of the four castes[9] live in peace, plenty, and prosperity! Let us all adore Him, the Giver of all blessings!

SATTYAKIRTI (*Prime Minister*).

Obeisance—obeisance to thee, O King! who rulest this earth with vigour tempered by mercy. Adoration to thee, valiant hero! Praise to thee, Arichandra, the strict votary of Truth!

THE SECOND MINISTER AND OTHER OFFICERS OF STATE, AND CHIEFS.

King of the Solar race, we humble ourselves before thee. Satrap, who art the undisturbed ruler of the country watered by the sacred stream, *Sarayu*[10]—salutation to thee.

ARICHANDRA.

Minister Sattyakirti, does our land continue to receive its due supply of rain? Do the clouds give forth their contents thrice at least every month?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Yes, sire; there is no lack of rain on the earth, even as the fountain of justice is never dry in thy heart.

ARICHANDRA.

Have our subsidiary states sent in their tributes?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Yes; the princes and chieftains are regardful of their obligations to thee; thy authority is duly recognized.

ARICHANDRA.

Are the almshouses and other institutions of charity in our state properly cared for? Are the temples of the various deities well tended?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Your Majesty's orders have been strictly complied with.

ARICHANDRA.

Do our subjects continue to pay one-eighth[11] of the produce of their fields?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Yes, sire; and the people are prosperous, as your Majesty levies but so slight a tax.

[*A pause. Some Apsara girls advance, sing, and dance before the King.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Sattyakirti, order valuable presents to be awarded to those who are dancing, and dismiss them.

SATTYAKIRTI (*addressing a subordinate Officer*).

Let gold, silks, and gems, be given to the Apsara girls. [*Exeunt the girls.*]

THE HERALD (*entering the Audience-hall*).

Most excellent Majesty, I come to announce the arrival of some travellers at thy palace. They are pilgrim[12] Brahmins, from a distant land, and request an audience. May I admit them?

ARICHANDRA.

Yes, let the holy men be at once introduced into my presence: rulers of states should never be difficult of access. [*Enter the Brahmins.*] I feel overjoyed to welcome to my court such sacred persons as yourselves, who must have visited many of the favoured haunts of the Gods, and bathed in the sin-healing[13] waters of numerous divine springs and streams. Be seated.

THE BRAHMINS.

Govinda![14] let thy favour attend us always. Arichandra, accept our blessings. Be thou ever wise, wealthy, and happy. Let thy sceptre become yet more splendid; let the four[15] divisions of thy

redoubtable army be the terror of the haughty and the wicked, the solace of the humble and the good.

ARICHANDRA.

Learned men! I derive much pleasure from your visit: assuredly it must be the merit due to my ancestors' acts of charity and virtue that enables me to see men of your standing and learning. To what country do you belong?

THE BRAHMINS.

To Caumpeli. We are on a pilgrimage: on our return from the far north we were attracted hither by your great fame.

ARICHANDRA.

You must have traversed various countries. If you have observed anything rare or good in them I should feel thankful to hear your description of it.

THE BRAHMINS.

King Arichandra, our pilgrimage extends from the frothy waves which dash in fury against the sacred rock whereon towers the time-hallowed sanctuary of the Goddess Coomàri,[16] even to

beyond Gangotri,[17] whence the holy Ganga meanders amidst the snowy Imaian[18] hills to the abode of the Gods in Kailasa.[19] Some news that may perhaps interest you we can furnish. In the course of our travels, O King! we met with a lovely maiden, whose beauty and virtues would make us bold to declare her worthy to grace your throne as your Consort and Queen. You are aware that the Sciences declare that the rulers of kingdoms ought not to remain unwedded.

ARICHANDRA.

This news pleases me: let me hear more of her. Who are her parents? Where does she live?

THE BRAHMINS.

We were at Kàsi,[20] visiting the temple of Vis Wanàth: thence we went to Cannamàpoori, where reigns a king of the name of Mathètheyan. We learnt that, as the reward of great self-denial and austerities[21] performed by him, he has been blessed by the Gods with an only daughter. We saw her: but vain would be the endeavour to describe to you her personal charms or mental

attractions. Suffice it to say, that beauty like hers has never been beheld; nor does the fish-bannered[22] and cane-bowed God of Love wield a mightier instrument of torture than that which is found in the gazelle-like eyes, the flowing tresses, the heaving bosom, and the slender waist of this queen of women, Sandramati. Her fair face and brilliant glances cast into the shade even Santra,[23] the God of Night. Oft he peeps out in the heavens, and as oft he hides his orb, shamed by this rising moon of India. Her virtues have secured to her the especial favour of her patron god, Siva.[24] She stands peerless on the earth. And if our understandings direct us aright, you alone, O Monarch! are her fit compeer.

ARICHANDRA.

Is such, then, Sandramati? Strange, strange! I have never seen her, and yet, O Brahmins! I love her already! Can you render me any aid towards effecting my union with her? I implore your help.

THE BRAHMINS.

Your wish is our duty.

ARICHANDRA.

Pray, then, proceed directly to King Mathetheyan's court, and, as my accredited agents, solicit his daughter in marriage.

THE BRAHMINS.

We go without delay. King Arichandra, be free from care: we undertake to see your heart's wishes fulfilled. [*Exeunt.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Should what the Brahmins have related to me prove false, I shall be not merely disappointed, but also rendered perfectly inconsolable and miserable. It is mysterious: I have never seen Sandramati; yet my thoughts constantly revert to her.

SATTYAKIRTI.

The mind, indeed, is the best judge of its own feelings. If it were a mere tale that you have just heard, have faith, my lord, that your heart would never have so doted upon that princess. The channels of information are not our senses alone: between mind and mind also there exists

a communion—be it walls, or forts, or lands, or seas that separate them. I believe that Sandramati is destined to be your Majesty's bride. A little patience, and our messengers will return with an auspicious reply.

SCENE II.

Court of Mathetheyan at Cannamàpoori.

MATHETHEYAN (*to his Minister*).

My faithful minister! it is not unknown to you that our princess has now reached a marriageable age; perhaps, strictly, she should have been married before this. Yet it has not been so. We cannot pry into the secrets of the god Siva, whose gift she was.

THE MINISTER.

Worthy scion of the Lunar[3] race, anxiety or sorrow would be premature. Sandramati cannot long remain unsought-for or unwedded, as her fame has spread far and wide.

MATHETHEYAN.

True; but in order that my daughter may be happy in wedlock, it is requisite that she should espouse a husband worthy of her. Has not one of our ancient poets said death were better than divided hearts? An insuperable difficulty also presents itself in an injunction imposed on me by Siva.

THE MINISTER.

Cast away thy grief, O King! the daughter whom thou hast obtained of Siva as the reward of great devotion to him is fated to become the object of contention amongst the princes of our land; the selfsame god who entrusted to thee the conditions of her marriage will also provide the means of their fulfilment. Be cheerful. Time works marvels.

MATHETHEYAN.

[*Enter some Brahmins conducted by officers; he addresses them.*]

Welcome to you, who are alike skilled in the Vedas as in the Sciences![8] Welcome to men whom the holy ashes[25] have purified — who,

swerve not from the duties prescribed by holy writ![7]

THE BRAHMINS.

Blessed be thou, O King! profound in thy knowledge of equity and peerless in thy practice of virtue! Salutation to the heroic commander of invincible armaments! Every felicity awaits him who promotes the study of the sacred writings! Chief of the Lunar race, be thy happiness unmarred!

MATHETHEYAN.

I appreciate your benedictions, and am grateful for your kindness, Brahmins. Can I be of any service to you? Command me.

THE BRAHMINS.

We are pilgrims, and have no wants. We come on a mission from Ayòdiah: Arichandra, its magnanimous sovereign—who has not heard of him, the brightest gem of the Solar race?—commissions us to convey to your Majesty his great wish to make your incomparable daughter, Sandramati, the Queen of his realms.

MATHETHEYAN.

Glory to the gods! Sandramati indeed is as yet unbetrothed, but a mystery hangs over her. Can Arichandra, great and good as he undoubtedly is, unravel it?

THE BRAHMINS.

The gods could not bestow a fitter husband on your daughter than Arichandra. All the world proclaims his virtues, and we believe he will satisfy all your requirements. We beg that your Majesty may deign to fix a Suyam Varam,[26] and invite the Kings of India.

MATHETHEYAN.

I consent. Indeed I am anxious that my daughter should become the bride of so distinguished a sovereign as he who is the successor to the throne of the world-famed Ràma.[27] Go, inform Arichandra that I have appointed a Suyam Varam, and, acting as my messengers, request him to honour us with his presence.

THE BRAHMINS.

You are truly wise: we return to Ayòdiah, and Arichandra may soon be expected in your capital.

SCENE III.

The Court of Sandramati, in King Mathetheyan's Palace.

SANDRAMATI.

Savoonthi, my ever-agreeable companion, where have you been loitering all this while? I have been quite alone.

SAVOONTHI.

I was listening to what has just been discussed in the Court of your father: it relates to you. Did you know, my sweet, sweet girl, that you are soon to wed the all-perfect Arichandra? I have run hither to convey to you the glad tidings.

SANDRAMATI.

I know you delight to tease me. You imagine that my thoughts are concentrated on matrimony. But, simpleton, you are ignorant of the obstacle to my marrying at all. Learn this, and cease to annoy me. Yet, let me hear who is Arichandra, if he be not, indeed, the creation of your own frivolous and fertile fancy.

SAVOONTHI.

My darling Sandri, your over-mirthful mind cannot distinguish between fact and fiction. Princesses never can. When the subject becomes more generally known, may you then condescend to believe me. Yet why so coy? Why blush?

Care you then to hear of Arichandra? Listen. I recite but a tithe of what is told.

This youthful warrior is the King of Ayòdiah, the land where the all-wise Rama was born. He is of the Solar race: his ancestors were distinguished alike for deeds of valour as of virtue. He surpasses in beauty even Madana,[22] the God of Love; for his radiant face resembles the bright red-lotus in full blossom before the God of Morning.[23] His shoulders are broad, his limbs exquisitely moulded, his chest deep, his whole form the perfection of symmetry and grace. He has a melodious voice and gracious manners. He smiles, and his pearly teeth flash forth a brilliancy like that of lightning. In learning, great —in morals, pure—in heroism, unrivalled—Arichandra is the friend of the gods, the terror of the vicious, and the refuge of the good. *Manu*[29] is his guide—love, liberality, and justice his never-

failing attributes. A paragon of mortals, and the possessor of all earthly and heavenly blessings, who but Arichandra can be your husband?

Now, then, Mangalam, Mangalam:[30] may endless happiness attend Sandramati—my own lovely lute-toned[31] Goddess of the fair sex.

SANDRAMATI.

Savoonthi! my invaluable companion, in whose excellent counsel and conversation I have ever found unwearying solace, pardon your friend's ignorance and incredulity. What reward can I offer for your kind anxiety to augment my happiness? Yes, girl, I believe you—nay, it is more than mere belief now—for your account of Arichandra has stirred in my heart a passion hitherto unknown to it. Arch-enchantress! how potent your spell! Oh! there is a storm within me. My head swims—my senses grow dim. Arichandra! Arichandra!

SAVOONTHI.

Princess! it ill becomes thy dignity to betray thyself in this manner. Control thyself and curb thy passions. Love is grief,—love is torture. Yet love is life,—love is happiness. Sooner or

later we fall victims to Ananga,[22] the God of Love, as late or soon we fall victims to Yama,[32] the God of Death. His car drawn by green paroquets is everywhere—he leaves none untouched—gods or men, they all succumb. But be comforted, O Sandri, thy wishes will soon be gratified: rouse thyself; become not the subject of ridicule.

SANDRAMATI.

Savoonthi! whom but yourself am I to blame for this? You alone can now give me consolation. Go not away. Stay. Sit beside me.

SCENE IV.

The Court of Mathetheyan.

MATHETHEYAN.

Ours is now the duty, Minister, duly to proclaim to all the kings of our land the Suyam Varam of Sandramati.

MINISTER.

Your Majesty has anticipated what I was just venturing to suggest: we have no time to lose.

I will send for the Court scribe. [*Orders a subordinate officer to fetch the Court scribe; he enters.*]

My lord, he awaits your instructions.

MATHETHEYAN.

Scribe, indite a friendly message to all the magnates of India, informing them that the Suyam Varam and marriage of our daughter, the Princess Sandramati, are to take place on the seventieth day from this, and that we shall feel honoured by their presence on the occasion. [*The Scribe writes.*]

THE SCRIBE.

I submit, O King, the epistle written in my best style and caligraphy.

MATHETHEYAN.

Read it. [*It is read.*] Now tinge the document with saffron,[33] and sprinkle it over with fragrant powder. [*It is done.*] Minister! entrust it to the hands of one of our faithful and swift-footed messengers. Let him immediately start on his journey to the different states, and read the message before their rulers. Inform me of his return.

MINISTER.

I obey.

SCENE V.

First, the Palace in Ayòdiah; then the Road from it to Cannamàpoori.

Enter the PILGRIM BRAHMINS *from Cannamàpoori.*

ARICHANDRA.

I am happy to see you again, sirs. Let me learn the result of your interview with King Mathetheyan. I am all impatience.

THE BRAHMINS.

Can any object desired by so good a monarch as yourself remain long unattained? Success awaits the virtuous. Mathetheyan, readily acquiescing in your proposals, requests you to join the Suyam Varam of Sandramati.

ARICHANDRA.

I shall ever feel grateful for your intercession on my behalf. Yes; let us journey together to Cannamàpoori. [*Addresses the Commander-in-Chief of his army in attendance.*] General!

I leave Ayòdiah for Cannamàpoori at sunrise to-morrow: let the force under your command accompany me. Let all those who form my retinue be ready.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Your Majesty's orders will be duly fulfilled.

(*On the morning of the next day.*)

ARICHANDRA.

Our equipments are here; let us move on. Brahmins, be near me. Sages and devotees, let us pray to the Powers above, that our mission may be crowned with success. [*They proceed on their way.*] We are now in the midst of a barren desert, suffering from the intense heat of the noonday sun. I descry yonder the temple of a patron deity of the woods embowered in the dense foliage of some venerable trees. Let us seek shelter there: I will precede you—follow me. Let the army halt. [*Proceeds.*] I find it to be the shrine of the Goddess Durga[34]—let me hasten and offer my prayers.

THE ATTENDANTS.

Be your Majesty's will done.

ARICHANDRA (*at the shrine of Durga—prays to the Goddess*).

I adore the incomparable feet of the Goddess, who, mounted on a lion, and bearing aloft in her arms the trident, the skull, and the scimitar, pervades the universe. I worship at the shrine of the sister of Vishnu[24] and the consort of Siva. Thou, O Goddess, art beyond the ken of all words and thoughts. Is it for me, a puny mortal, to recount thy innumerable deeds of valour and might? Deign, Durga! to favour me with thy divine presence.

[*The Goddess, riding a lion, appears before* ARICHANDRA.]

ARICHANDRA (*falling at her feet*).

Hail! all hail! to thee, O Goddess! Thy favour to me surpasseth all bounds.

DURGA.

O King! who art descended from a noble race, live long! Persevere in thy virtuous career. But

answer promptly. What aid dost thou require of me?

ARICHANDRA.

Passing thy sanctuary on my way to the Suyam Varam of Princess Sandramati, at Cannamàpoori, I felt it my duty to offer my prayers, and, approaching, I saw there [*pointing to a part of the temple*] a chariot and bow of stone. How is it, O Goddess! I pray thee, that they now appear to me to be made of polished gold, dazzling my eyes with their splendour?

DURGA.

Well done! The chariot and bow are of gold, and are perceived to be such only by him who is entitled to possess them. To the rest of the world they look as if made of stone. One Varuna, a renowned monarch of yore, left them in my custody to be delivered to their lawful possessor, whenever he should present himself here. Ages have passed since then. To-day you have proved yourself their rightful owner. Take them. Drive, O King! in this very chariot to Cannamàpoori. You are destined to wed Sandramati. Be ye both happy! [*Vanishes.*]

SCENE VI.

First, the Road to the City of Cannamàpoori; and then the Palace of the King.

THE LOOKERS-ON.

Lo! King Arichandra is coming on a visit to our King. The pious Vasitta, his spiritual preceptor,[35] is beside him; other learned men, ministers, and councillors of state, surround him. Are they discoursing on religion and philosophy? These are his troops. The horses and elephants move side by side. The serried ranks of the foot soldiers appear interminable. The chariots, with their banners sweeping as it were the skies, precede all. The generals ride on leisurely. Such an army would make even the giants shudder with fear; such a force would soon lower the pride of its enemies. Numerous trumpets peal forth the voice of ocean. The heavens re-echo the thundering roll of the drums. Countless canopies, flags, standards, and *alavatties*,[36] hide the skies from our view. Arichandra is mounted on a mighty elephant, which carries aloft on its back a gold *ambarie*,[37] radiant with splendour. On either side of him, two elephants fan with their

trunks the snow-white tuft of the *Sámara*.[38] Can even the Rhemba[39] or Menika of Indra's paradise above be more beauteous than those lovely damsels who are dancing before him?

We are now within the city. Has it ever before presented such a gorgeous spectacle? It is one blaze of diadems and crowned heads. The unrivalled beauty of Sandramati has attracted hither a larger assemblage than we have ever witnessed. Note the costumes of different lands; observe the various nations that are here represented. How gay the place looks! Along the streets the citizens have hung garlands of all varieties of fragrant flowers. The *banana*[40] and the *areca* palms trained along the roadside, and the festoons of the red, white, and blue lotus entwined with them, would make one fancy that he had wandered unawares into some fairy garden. There are lights everywhere. The smoke of the incense burnt in honour of this event links the earth to the skies. Gay damsels, carrying trays of silver filled with *saffron*-water and phials of gold containing the *attar*[41] of sandal, disport themselves by besprinkling them on the merry crowds. Yonder ride princes on high-spirited chargers, which look as if capable of moving faster than the

wind or man's mind. The ebon-black elephants push on briskly, bearing jauntily superb *pagodas*[42] wherein are seated the chieftains of important states. How well they mimic fury? At times they trumpet forth, twirl and untwirl their trunks in wantonness: at times they throw them over their gold and silver inlaid tusks to reach other elephants. See those teams of horses, managed by skilful charioteers, conveying hither, with almost lightning speed, royal personages. They are all now near.

THE HERALD

(*Coming into the Court of* MATHETHEYAN).

May the gods shower blessings on our King! Profound submission at thy feet, O monarch! The Sovereign of Ayòdiah and the Kings of other lands are in the city. Some are already at the gates of the palace.

MATHETHEYAN.

Ministers and officers, accompany me. Let us make all haste and meet our guests.

[*They go and meet the visitors.*]

Welcome, welcome to you all! Salutation to the flower of the *Kshetriya*[9] race! Kings of India,

come in. Let us enter the Suyam Varam hall. Allow me to lead you into it.

THE KINGS.

It affords us, O Mathetheyan! infinite pleasure to be of service to thee either in war or peace.

[*They enter the Suyam Varam hall.*]

SCENE VII.

The Suyam Varam Hall.

THE HERALD.

This is the Suyam Varam of Princess Sandramati. Mark! this hall has sprung up as if called into existence by the architect[43] of the Gods himself. Its gilt roof and dome rest on numberless images of the lion, which serve as its pillars. Observe how exquisite is the carving of the ceiling. Ah! all our ancient legends are there depicted. Suspended from it by gold and silver chains hangs many a brilliant lamp, twinkling with its starry light, amidst garlands and wreaths of flowers which, festooned into fanciful network, shed their

rich perfumes around, and display all their gorgeous hues. Costly carpets cover the floor — in the centre is the dais for the Princess. The King is on his throne: the guests are around. Both young and old are there—all warriors. Their hands grasp the bow, their shoulders support the quiver—in their girdles rests the sword. Admire the valorous guardians of our land, who court death with delight; whose backs enemies have never seen. How handsome are some — how venerable others! Note their magnificent attire—many a sparkling diamond, ruby, sapphire, and emerald, shines in their diadems, their breastplates, their wrist and arm-rings; whilst numerous strings of fine pearls are thrown carelessly about their bodies. This palace of crystal, with its million mirrors, reflects all this blaze of jewellery in thousands and thousands of fantastic shapes. How attentive they look! And well they may be so: for some are anxious on their own account; others on behalf of their sons and brothers. Fate alone knows who the winner shall be.

Ah! I see the Court astrologer:[44] he bows before the assembly. The auspicious moment is approaching; soon the result will be known.

Silence! silence! silence! Great is the chief of the Lunar dynasty.

MATHETHEYAN.

Prime Minister! the Kings assembled here are awaiting the Suyam Varam. Do you, therefore, direct one of the damsels in attendance to hasten to the palace of the Princess Sandramati, to request her to come hither.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Thy message shall be transmitted instantly, my lord [*speaking to a female attendant belonging to* SANDRAMATI'S *retinue*]. Sweet maid, run to that princess, whose prattle entertains you even more than that of the gentle paroquet, and inform her that the King desires her immediate presence.

THE FEMALE ATTENDANT.

I go. [*Exit. Reaches* SANDRAMATI'S *palace.*] Dear Sandramati, the Kings have met in your father's Court for your Suyam Varam. Will you be now pleased to proceed thither? This your sire wishes. You will be accompanied by a splendid retinue, and will move under a pearl-inlaid canopy; carry that garland of *Semboka*[45] flowers

in your royal hand: you will soon have occasion for it.

SANDRAMATI.

Apprised of this by the kind attendants and friends who have taken such infinite pains in decorating me this morning, I have been long ready, so that I might not be behind the time fixed by the astrologer. I obey my father's order most cheerfully: come, let us go into the hall. [*Goes in state, accompanied by a magnificent retinue.*]

SANDRAMATI (*bowing to her father*).

Obeisance to thee, august father! who hast bestowed on me so much care and kindness. My revered parent, what are thy commands?

MATHETHEYAN.

My beloved daughter! you behold assembled here the Kings of various states, and this day is your Suyam Varam. Sweet child, the right of selection rests with you: exercise your own free will, and declare who shall be your husband. When you have resolved, pray indicate your decision by twining that garland, now so gaily held in your vermilion-tipped[46] and delicate fingers, around

the neck of that monarch, prince, or chief, on whom your choice falls.

SANDRAMATI.

Father! who art ever dear to me, for whose kindness I can never make any adequate return, I obey thy behest. [*Turning round, surveys the assembly of Kings, and addresses her Chief Attendant.*] Chief of my faithful companions! you have heard my father: assist me, therefore, in the performance of the duty assigned to me. Let me know the names of these Kings, as well as the distinguishing traits of the character of each of them. This dazzling galaxy of crowns bewilders me; my hitherto secluded life was ill prepared for an abrupt introduction before so many men, and those, too, kings.

THE CHIEF ATTENDANT.

Princess! be calm, be resolute. This is an auspicious occasion, where your happiness is trusted to your own hands. None dare disturb your whim or wish. Know you not how lithe, how gay are the gazelles and fawns which are our partners in play? Act as they. I shall now conduct you around this amphitheatre, and afford all the information you require. As your chief

attendant, this duty devolves on me to-day. [*Goes round, leading* SANDRAMATI.]

Listen! charming girl! Before you sits Vis Vakerma, the King of Kàsi, he is mighty in his knowledge of the Vedas. By him is Samperna, the Chief of Caumpeli; his fame is stainless, his liberality unbounded. There you see Caya Theeran, the ruler of Maghada—the equal of the gods in valour. Yonder, again, princess, is the noble Vajiran, the pious ruler of Scindu. Beyond him is seated the eloquent and ever mirthful King of Bengala, Campeera. Beside him is Pandia, the Tamil King of Madura, the owner of wide-spread lands, and the patron of learning and literature. Now your javelin-shaped eyes meet the god-like figure of Arichandra, the youthful monarch of Ayòdiah—one in whom all virtues have found a lasting home——

SANDRAMATI.

Stay, my friend; is this Arichandra? Is this he whom my revered father would wish that I should marry? Is this the prince of the Solar race who has formed the subject of the eulogies of the pilgrim Brahmins? Maiden, who excellest even the peacock in grace, let me hear thee again. Speak.

THE CHIEF ATTENDANT.

Princess! it is he beyond a doubt. A swan amongst many birds is easily distinguished; a lion amidst other animals soon makes its presence felt; so does the son of Trisanku amongst men. The brightest ornament of the Solar line is there. In that breast behold the asylum of truth and equity. Perchance a raging fire might become icy cold; perchance a limpid stream from the snowy hills might scald one; yea, *Mèru*,[47] the king of mountains, shake and totter; the God of Day rise in the west and set in the east; but never, never, even in dreams, will Arichandra, the man of truth, tell a lie. He is the lord paramount of India; his beauty you now witness. Hesitate not; it is he, it is Arichandra.

SANDRAMATI.

Friend, my obligations to you are manifold. My mind was made up long ago; Arichandra shall be the husband of my own choice. My father's judgment is in perfect unison with my wishes. Lo! here I proclaim him my lord. May Siva, the Supreme, favour me!

THE CHIEF ATTENDANT.

Be it so, dear child!

[SANDRAMATI *approaches* ARICHANDRA, *and raises her hands to invest him with the flower garland.*]

ARICHANDRA (*starting up abruptly and in a great passion*).

Pause, Princess! Pause.—Kings of India! Oh! What a delusion! How surprising, how perplexing is this! Observe ye not the resplendent *manglya*,[48] the chain of marriage, glistening round the neck of Sandramati—this would-be maiden daughter of the King of Cannamàpoori. Once married, is it consonant with the usage[49] of either the Solar or Lunar dynasty, that she should be permitted to seek a husband again? Ah! who could have imagined that our host was such a knave, or this royal female so full of guile? O God! How sinful this! How iniquitous!

[SANDRAMATI, *hearing this, swoons away, and is held in the arms of her Attendants—great excitement in the assembly—the Kings look enraged at* ARICHANDRA.]

KING KEKAYA.

Valorous Arichandra! such language ill befits you. We see no cause for complaint, we accuse neither the Princess nor her august sire of foul conduct: we discern no trace of deception. But your behaviour is indeed most strange. Is it fair that one even of your high standing should by word or deed insult a royal maiden of spotless fame and unrivalled virtues? Forget you that men are the protectors of women? Explain. Where is the *manglya*? Explain. Up, warriors! string your bows! Draw your swords!

THE KING OF MÀGADHA.

Patience! patience! brother monarchs! Condemn not Arichandra hastily. It is easier by far to plumb the depths of the deepest seas — yea, easier to walk unscathed through the scorching flames of a fire spreading aloft to the skies—than to probe the hearts of women. To scan the mischief therein harboured is indeed beyond the power of man. I know not whether our guest is to blame; I impute nothing to Princess Sandramati. There may not be fault either in her or in her father, or even in Arichandra. We may all be

the victims of some plot, and its authors rival kings, or gods, or demons. Investigate before you decide.

MATHETHEYAN (*addressing* ARICHANDRA).

Your conduct, I grieve to say, is unlike your habitual meekness and charity. Neither myself nor my daughter is responsible for that which has only momentarily disturbed your equanimity —this mystery will soon be solved. Listen! You may have known that I obtained Sandramati as the reward of arduous rites of devotion performed by me — a childless monarch I remained long indeed—in honour of the god Siva. When he bestowed this child upon me, he ordained that, as she would be possessed of all virtues, she should wed only a strictly virtuous prince. But how was blind man—the slave of his passions—a worm of iniquity—to judge of another man? How was I to know who was virtuous and who not? Great Siva foresaw this, and willed that the *manglya* round Princess Sandramati's neck should be invisible to all—to herself—to me—to every other being but him who, from his spotless character, was destined to be her consort. You have shown yourself to be the favoured man. She has been betrothed to you long ere this. Fate has done it.

Satisfy yourself now by questioning this assembly, whether any of them perceives the *manglya*, the sight of which has roused your anger; does its celestial lustre dazzle any other eyes but yours?

THE KINGS (*all together*).

It is surprising. Yea, none of us see the *manglya*.

KING KEKAYA.

King Arichandra! as we do not see the *manglya*, which you alone have seen, Mathetheyan is right. You could require no better proof. If you continue to insult this most virtuous princess with suspicions, your sin will certainly be inexpiable. We are perfectly convinced of her innocence. Yea; we adore her as the Goddess of Chastity herself. She is, in truth, another Arundadi.[50]

A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Son of Trisanku! Arichandra! hearken to me, the Goddess of Virtue—I who now address thee.

Sandramati, the daughter of King Mathetheyan, is a virgin of strict chastity and virtue—her character is irreproachable. Marry her!

SANDRAMATI (*now recovering from her swoon, and reassured by her Attendants*).

Prince of Ayòdiah! O monarch, the first mention of whose name wrought a revolution in my thoughts, and stirred up a love in my heart towards thee! deign to hear me!

If it be the truth, that he alone who was preordained to be my husband possesses the power of seeing the *manglya* on my neck, and if, too, this unknown yearning in my mind towards thee arises from the will of my god Siva, then and then alone, know thou, this garland now lying motionless in my hands, will spring off them, of its own accord, unassisted by me, and encircle thy neck.

THE BRAHMINS, THE SAGES, AND THE PRIESTS—ALL.

So be it! We pray to God to remove all difficulties.

THE KINGS.

Most virtuous Princess! thy proposal is fair—quail not; the gods will guard thy honour, even though men fail to appreciate it.

SANDRAMATI (*praying to Siva*).

O thou! wreath of the sweet-scented *semboka* flower! though thou art inanimate, may not the sobs of a woman in distress awake thee? Yes, O wreath, I trust in thee—I pray to thee. If I be chaste and my character stainless, wilt not thou, then, O wreath! go forth from these unworthy hands and twine thyself around the neck of the son of Trisanku?

[*The garland springs off her hands, and is seen on* ARICHANDRA'S *breast.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Princess! I crave thy pardon. I am completely in the wrong, and I confess I have offended thee without just cause. King Mathetheyan! I offer my apologies also to thee, for never has man acted more precipitately than myself. Gods! forgive the sins of an erring mortal.

SANDRAMATI.

Prince! I forgive thee.

MATHETHEYAN.

Arichandra! who can blame you for being circumspect? Let us all be friendly and merry

again. My daughter is your wife now, and we will attend to the marriage being solemnized. [*Addressing his Prime Minister*] Minister! our anxiety is at an end, for the worst is past, and the conditions of Siva are fulfilled. Our Princess shines now more resplendent than ever—even as the gold which has been cleansed of its rust. Let us hasten the performance of the ceremonies prescribed by the holy books.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Sire, Vasitta, the spiritual preceptor of the royal family of Ayòdiah, is in attendance on King Arichandra. All allow that his knowledge is infinite, and, as one of the seven[51] elect sages of the universe, his station, both among mortals and immortals, is pre-eminent. Pray request him to perform the marriage ceremony.

MATHETHEYAN.

Be it so, Minister! [*Addressing* VASITTA, *who is seated at the head of the Brahmins in the assembly*] Most holy *Guru!*[35] wisest of sages! I humble myself before thee. Who can excel thee in the conquest which thou hast obtained over

thy mind? At thy fiat, and in the most difficult stages of the mystic *Yokam*[52] daily performed by thee, do not the wicked powers of the Mind, the cause of all man's misfortunes, abdicate their rebellious rule, whilst the erring Soul, released from the bondage of Evil and freed from all its sinful incrustations, becomes the willing slave of Divine Wisdom and the heir to everlasting bliss? To thee, thus accustomed to the purest delights springing from the union of the Soul with *Brahm*,[24] can sights like these be interesting? Yet thou condescendest to favour us with thy presence. I beg that thou mayst be pleased to preside over the nuptials of my daughter Sandramati, and of thy disciple, King Arichandra?

VASITTA.

King Mathetheyan! I comply with thy request; it pleases me much. May Arichandra and his bride be the *Indra* and *Indraani*[53] of the earth!

MATHETHEYAN.

Let us all, then, adjourn to the marriage hall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Marriage Hall. The Kings, Sages, Brahmins, and all those invited present.

ARICHANDRA *and* SANDRAMATI *seated side by side on a throne, and* VASITTA *beside them.*

VASITTA (*addressing the Brahmins there*).

Brahmins! kindle the sacred fire. Pour the oblations on it, and invoke Agni, the God of Fire, to witness this ceremony. Some of you go through the usual ritual, and let others sing the sacred hymns.

THE BRAHMINS.

We obey.

[*All the ceremonies are performed.*]

VASITTA.

King Arichandra! this royal maid, Sandramati, whose little finger I knit[54] with your own, is now your wife. You espouse her in the presence of these kings, these holy men, and the Gods above. The Sun and Moon are also witnesses to your nuptials. May you both live long, and enjoy a

life of uninterrupted happiness; may you be the parents of docile children!

ALL PRESENT.

Be it so! Be it so! May the Gods be their guardians!

THE KINGS.

'Arichandra! your fortune in marrying this most noble Princess is unparalleled. May all your undertakings be ever crowned with success! We are your friends in war and peace. Now, King Mathetheyan, let us have your permission to depart.

ARICHANDRA AND MATHETHEYAN.

We are overwhelmed by our obligations to you all for your great kindness in responding so cheerfully to our invitation. To you who are above all wants, what adequate return can we make? We are always at your service, and await your summons. May your journey be prosperous!

[*Exeunt Kings.*]

MATHETHEYAN.

Minister! give rich presents to all who are here; let the Brahmins be duly feasted.[35]

MINISTER.

I obey.

VASITTA.

King of Cannamàpoori! ṣince your daughter is married and your wishes are gratified, it is time now that you should give leave to your son-in-law to return with his bride to his kingdom.

MATHETHEYAN.

Assuredly, let them repair to Ayòdiah, and attend to the wants of that State.

SANDRAMATI.

Father! to whom I owe everything; in whose affectionate care I have hitherto been nurtured—thy kindness I can never forget. This day thou hast given me away to be the bride of the Prince of Ayòdiah—let me crave permission to go to my new home.

ARICHANDRA.

King! grant me leave also!

MATHETHEYAN.

Daughter! we must now part. Arichandra is

your lord; let all your affection be centred in him. Go with him.

King Arichandra! your State requires your presence. Go thither. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Arichandra's Palace.

A MAID IN ATTENDANCE ON SANDRAMATI.

Our Queen, O Sire! underwent great sufferings: happily her travail is now over, and she has been delivered of a male[56] child—the heir and successor to this throne. May the Solar dynasty be ever paramount!

ARICHANDRA.

Sattyakirti, I receive glad tidings! I am the father of a son. This maid is the first to convey to me this most pleasant news. Give her jewels and silks; her service must be recompensed.

Yes, I am happy; for my race will not now end with me. Minister! let the poor and the aged be fed and clothed—let largesses also be given

to Brahmins and mendicants for the ensuing eight days. Let prayers be offered in the temples of all our Gods, and let devotees have presents of lands, fields, and cows. Order an elephant [57] out. Let it traverse the city, while its rider announces this great event to our subjects by the roll of the drum.

SATTYAKIRTI.

I hasten to fulfil thy orders, O King!

[*Exit, and some maids enter the Court from the inner apartments, carrying the infant child.*]

THE MAIDS.

Most glorious Monarch! this is thy son. He has been anointed in holy water and clothed in silks. Behold the new King of the Solar dynasty—receive him into thine arms, and bestow on him a name[58] that befits his high station.

ARICHANDRA (*taking the child*).

I see, maidens, that you have acted in accordance with the ancient customs of the Court; your attention shall be rewarded. I feel beside myself—my happiness is great in beholding this

infant. But we owe everything to the gods—let him, therefore, be their servant. Call him Deva Dàsa—the servant of the gods. May they protect him!

ALL IN COURT.

Devadàsa! Devadàsa! Devadàsa! May his life be long! May his rule be merciful!

END OF ACT I.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Indra Loka,[59] *the Abode of the Gods; and the Palace of Indra, the King of the Gods. Present:* INDRA, *his Attendants, Gods, and Sages. The Chief of the Gods is supposed to come in state from the interior of his Palace to the Audience Hall.*

THE HERALD.

VICTORY! victory! There comes Indra, the Chief of the Immortals! The Lord of Heaven is there. A hundred equine[60] sacrifices did he perform on earth to attain this station. The God of Fire[61] is by him. The God of Water is in attendance.

The God of the Winds is also present. The God of the Skies, the God of Day, the God of Night, all walk by him. Yonder, too, is the mighty God of Death. The husband of Indraani, the Queen of Heaven, the beauty of beauties, comes there. —All the rarities of the universe Indra owns. Before him goes the white elephant, *Ayràvadam;* and with him, too, we behold the snow-white charger *Swàtham.*[62] Pause and note the majestic gait of the former, the wondrous agility of the latter. Where could their equals be seen? The first of gems, the jewel of all jewels, *Sintamani,*[63] shines resplendent on the breast of Indra. What! Is that the Sun of Heaven? Look again. Where in the universe could we find more enchanting women than yon troop of damsels, who dance before Indra? Rembha,[39] Menika, Urvasi, and all the *houris*[64] of the Gods, are singing: such charms as theirs who can resist? Many an anchorite's resolutions — many a Sage's virtues have they corrupted. The God of Music, even *Nàrada,*[65] is performing on the lyre—hear you not the entrancing strains? Loud peals the conch; the trumpet resounds; the drum rolls. Lo! before them our enemies flee, even as snakes[66] disappear before the voice of the thunder.—Mighty

is the Lord of the Clouds,[67] the Lord of Rain, even Indra, the first of the Gods.

[INDRA *and his assembly are seated.* INDRA *prays to* SIVA.]

INDRA.

Immortals! are you now exempt from the annoyance of our enemies, the *Asùras*?[68] Has war ceased?

THE GODS.

Routed in the last battle by thy awe-inspiring army, commanded by thy son *Sayanda*, the *Asùras* have never shown themselves again. Our happiness in this heavenly paradise is unmolested. And who dare disturb us, when thou, O Indra! art our ruler and protector?

[*Enter some Sages and* VASITTA.]

INDRA.

Holy Sage! learned Vasitta! thy presence does me infinite honour. May I ever resort to thee for advice and counsel! Mayest thou continue to favour me!

VASITTA.

Indra! be thou ever happy! Let victory attend thee!

[*Enter* WIS WÀMITRA,[69] *with great precipitation.*]

WIS WÀMITRA.

Indra! I am here! I am here! Wis Wàmitra, the first and fiercest of sages! I am here! Know you not the austerities I practised of yore, nor the great powers with which I was invested by Siva? Is there my equal in all existence—who dare oppose my wishes? I can convert all these infinite systems of worlds into cinders in a trice; yea, I can place under duress even the great Triad[70]—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. I am the destroyer of him who displeases me—I am the patron of him who pleases me. All virtues and power I possess—such is Wis Wàmitra, the royal sage; such am I.

INDRA.

Sage Wis Wàmitra! none can surpass thee in the performance of sacred austerities. A king by birth, thou didst renounce all kingly pomp

and power, to become a devotee. Whilst ages rolled past—whilst worlds ceased to be and renewed their existence — whilst the earth was swept over by repeated deluges, or devastated by ever-recurring fires—hast not thou, O great Being! continued undisturbed in a state of solemn meditation in the caves of Mount Meru, thy mind concentrated on God, thy frame reposing in a state of sleepless sleep and deathless[71] death? Well may all dread the wrath of one endowed with such prowess—well may all court his favour. The hero is not he whom victory crowns on the field of battle; the hero of heroes is even the man of God who has conquered his own mind.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Champion of the Gods! may thy power be ever dreaded by the chiefs of the *Asuras* — may all happiness await thee!

INDRA.

Holy men! as gifted with supernatural attributes you roam[72] the universe with marvellous speed, there is no place unknown to you. I am curious to learn who, in the present times, is the most virtuous Sovereign on the earth below?

What chief of mortals is there who has never told a lie—who has never strayed from the straight course of justice and equity?

VASITTA.

King of the Gods! such is Arichandra, the ruler of Ayòdiah. Great in war, profound in learning, he is equally strict in the practice of virtue. Never has he swerved from the laws of *Manu*—not once in his life has he uttered a falsehood. This first of terrestrial potentates all mankind adore—all gods favour.

INDRA.

Is it so? I am pleased to hear this.

VASITTA.

Yes; he is ever ready to assist the poor, to protect the weak, and to humble the wicked. Charitable to all, he has injured none. He is enthroned in the hearts of his subjects, as their never-failing friend; rarely, indeed, has the earth been blessed with so magnanimous a ruler. I am proud to claim him as my disciple.

INDRA.

Verily, such a king deserves to be thy pupil: Arichandra should be the model for all monarchs.

WIS WÀMITRA (*standing up in a rage*).

Well done! well said! Indra! art thou so easily duped? Knowest thou not how wicked, how false is Arichandra? Learn then that in his heart dwells all iniquity—that fraud, lust, greediness, and malice are his grand characteristics. He is as cruel as the God of Death—as ignorant as a beast of the forest. Never even once has a benevolent thought crossed his mind. Vasitta, why hast thou so misrepresented the character of Arichandra? Didst thou wish to praise thyself by belauding thy disciple? How darest thou recount such an idle tale in the presence of the Gods?

VASITTA.

Wis Wàmitra! thy great misfortune has ever been thy undue arrogance, and thou hast yet to learn to control thy unruly mind. What avail thee the austerities performed of yore, if thou art yet the sport of passion? Truth is everlasting; the true can never be untrue. That tongue

of thine, which has told so foul a lie, should be burnt to ashes. Thou hast wronged Arichandra. Hasten, O Sage of *Kosala!*[73] to repair the injury which thou hast so wantonly inflicted. Recant! Recant! There is a God—a governor of us all.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Vasitta! vice is not virtue—nor falsehood, truth. Why shouldst thou wax angry with me when I have given Arichandra his true character? Must thy disciple be necessarily perfect? Begone! begone! May the head, which has fabricated such falsehoods, explode into atoms!

VASITTA.

My statement is true. Establish the reverse if thou canst. The Vedas might lie, the sun and moon might exchange places, but Arichandra could never be false.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Devoid of sincerity, thou art equally destitute of all shame. Thy story can never be credited. Arichandra has told lies—will tell lies—is the greatest liar in all existence! His wickedness

exceeds all bounds. This meeting of the Gods should not have been disgraced by the presence of so vile a being as thou art. Dost thou desire to feel the weight of my power or suffer from the consequences of my wrath?

VASITTA.

Mad Wis Wàmitra! thinkest thou a fox can intimidate a lion? Cease to brag. Cease!

INDRA.

Stay, sirs, stay! When persons of your order and standing stoop to quarrel, who is to be the peace-maker? Are we to consider this unseemly behaviour as a proof of the conquest which you have obtained over your passions? In the worlds above, as in the worlds below,[74] you will form the subject of derision. Sage Vasitta! Sage Wis Wàmitra! let your anger be calmed!

WIS WÀMITRA.

Indra! dost thou imagine that I shall ever succumb to this Vasitta? Is the tiger[75] to conceal itself in the bush in dread of only a cow?

INDRA.

Enough; pray pacify thyself. (*Addressing both*) Sacred men! you are both great—you are both wise. It is not for us to say which of you has spoken the truth, and which not. Let this matter, therefore, be determined thus; lay a wager; let him who proves himself to have been correct become the winner thereof.

VASITTA.

Indra! thy proposition meets with my approbation. If my disciple Arichandra be shown to have ever told a lie, or be made hereafter to do so, I declare that the fruit of my lifelong devotion and sacrifices to the Gods shall become forfeited for the benefit of Wis Wàmitra. Hold this certain.

NÀRADA (*God of Music*).

Wis Wàmitra, speak! What sayest thou to this?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Nàrada! arch-sower of dissension! wishest thou that I should prattle to no purpose, like thy friend

Vasitta? But hearken. I, too, lay a wager. If I fail to make Arichandra utter numberless falsehoods, and violate every rule of morality, consider that I make Vasitta a present of half the fruit of the austerities which I performed, in ages gone by, seated in the midst of a raging fire.[76] I beseech all here present to consider themselves the faithful repositories of the pledge now entered into by us. Soon shall it be known whether the much-vaunted constancy of Arichandra is proof against trials and temptations.

VASITTA.

Indra and the holy Triad are witnesses of this compact. Wis Wàmitra! employ any means thou thinkest proper to attain thy object; I shall not interfere. Here I await thy return—nay, I shall go into voluntary confinement, to remove all suspicion. Treacherous one! depart on thy mission.

INDRA.

Yes; let there be no delay. Sage Wis Wàmitra! it is time for thee to act. (*Addressing*

one of his Attendants) Detain Sage Vasitta in your custody.

WIS WÀMITRA.

I return to the earth, Indra! But little time do I require to effect my purpose.

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Wis Wàmitra's Hermitage in the Forest.

WIS WÀMITRA *and his Disciples,* SITTA *and* SÀLI.

WIS WÀMITRA.

HALLOA! Sitta, where are you? Come here! bring a seat.

SITTA (*speaking in a low voice to his brother* SÀLI).

Brother! what is the matter? It looks as if our preceptor were suddenly struck blind — for though he is close to a seat, he yet asks for

one; though we are near him, he yet observes us not.

SÀLI.

Sitta! know you not that his mind is fully occupied with a grave affair — how to win the wager which he has just made in the assembly of the Gods above? Perhaps he is about to sit and weep for his folly.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Wicked boys! what are you doing? Where is the seat?

SITTA *and* SÀLI.

We bring one. Great preceptor! excuse our faults.

[*A seat is brought, and* WIS WÀMITRA *sitting on it soliloquizes.*]

WIS WÀMITRA (*by himself*).

Yes, perhaps I have fallen into a trap—perchance it is not easy to shake Arichandra's resolution.—Would that I had not gone to Indra's audience to-day; I should have been free from the anxiety which now overwhelms me. Yes, Vasitta is my eternal enemy; there can be no end to

the feud[77] between us. . . . It is late—late—too late now—I must not allow him to triumph over me. Cost what it will, my purpose shall be achieved, or I am not Wis Wàmitra.

[*Enter some Hermits from the neighbouring forest.*]

WIS WÀMITRA.

Come in, friends; your advent gladdens my heart.

THE HERMITS.

Royal sage! we ever rely on thee for advice and assistance, since thou art to us even as dear as the life-prolonging[78] elixir. Our salutations. Having heard that thou hast returned from a visit to Indra, we hasten to welcome thee, and learn what occurred in the world above.

WIS WÀMITRA.

There was a large gathering in Indra's palace, and a question arose as to who was the most virtuous sovereign amongst mortals. Vasitta said Arichandra was. I contradicted him, placed him under restraint there, and have come hither to

prove to the Gods the correctness of my counter-assertion.

THE HERMITS.

A mistake indeed! Wis Wàmitra, thou hast unawares slipped into a grievous error; slight not Vasitta, nor his disciple Arichandra. Thinkest thou it possible to wring a falsehood from his lips?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Ignorant wretches! dare you speak thus! Quick as thought succeeds thought, will I reduce earth and heaven to ashes. Dread you not my wrath? Know you not the extent of my power?

THE HERMITS.

Wis Wàmitra! excuse our ignorance. We crave pardon. Wreak not thy vengeance on such humble beings. We are thy servants, and await thy commands.

WIS WÀMITRA.

I forgive you. I require your services at present. I am about to perform a great sacrifice, and have need of a large amount of gold; go forthwith to Arichandra, and ascertain whether

he will assist me. Observe silence as to what happened above.

THE HERMITS.

Be thy will done! We go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Arichandra's Court.

Enter HERMITS.

THE HERMITS (*speaking among themselves as they go into the Hall*).

In this universe not even a straw shakes with the wind unless it were so willed before. Fate[79] rules supreme—what avails man's will? Who is weak, who strong, who good, who bad, except the man predestined to be so? Mortal men and immortal gods fancy that much is in them—nothing is beyond them. Verily, verily, they are puppets, under the control of strings

in the hands of One above. Yes! this world is a stage: in it we act as we are bidden: the Power that directs us is invisible. He alone knows why we dance, cease to dance, and dance again;[80] to Him alone is it plain why some are oppressors, others oppressed; why this quarrel arose between Vasitta and Wis Wàmitra; and why Arichandra is to suffer for his innocence and purity of heart. Let His will be done!

[*They enter, and behold* ARICHANDRA *seated on the throne.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Hermits! I rejoice at your arrival. Be seated. What aid can I render you?

THE HERMITS.

Arichandra! we have been directed by Wis Wàmitra to inquire whether you will furnish him with some gold, to enable him to perform a sacrifice? He impatiently awaits an answer.

ARICHANDRA.

Certainly; he shall have as much gold as he wishes; it is the duty of kings to assist devotees

who have renounced the world. Hasten to inform him of this.

THE HERMITS.

We convey this message to Wis Wàmitra, who himself proposes to visit you shortly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Wis Wàmitra's Hermitage.

THE HERMITS (*as they enter the Hermitage*).

Ah! how it rends our hearts to think what sufferings the King has to endure? Yet how can we assist him? Life is misery:[81] all men are unhappy—only seemingly happy. To be born is to suffer; to cease to exist, is alone to be happy. Deluded man! he must know himself[81] to know aught beyond himself. Then may he find that all is delusion—that happiness and unhappiness are the same; life and death but one; the whole universe a dream—aye, not even a dream; for there is nothing to dream of, and

none to dream. As others, so also must Arichandra pay the penalty of existence, till the holy light shines in his understanding,—till he knows and feels that pleasure and pain exist in idea alone; in fact never! Why sorrow we? Let what will be done be done. (*Coming before* WIS WÀMITRA) We have seen Arichandra. He declares he will give thee any amount of gold. Go thou to receive it.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Is it so? You may now return to your hermitages. I thank you for your services. I start at once for Ayòdiah.

SCENE IV.

The Court of Arichandra.

Enter WIS WÀMITRA.

ARICHANDRA.

Great Wis Wàmitra! thou conferrest great distinction on me by coming hither to accept a

contribution in gold towards so sacred an undertaking as a sacrifice. In this world it is ever easy to give, though that alone is a gift which is given to the deserving. How seldom it happens to a man to be of assistance to a sage so great in devotion as thyself!

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! thy generosity is far greater than even that of *Carna*[82] of yore. Be thou ever blessed and happy! Continue to be the renowned patron of sages.

ARICHANDRA.

What amount of gold dost thou wish to have?

WIS WÀMITRA.

My wants are small. High as a missile[83] would ascend if hurled from a sling by a man standing on the back of an elephant, should the mound of gold I require rise in height; its other dimensions must be commensurate; and I ought to have it directly.

ARICHANDRA.

I will endeavour to give thee to thy heart's content. (*Addresses his Minister*) Sattyakirti, order

an elephant hither forthwith. Go, unlock the door of our treasury.

SATTYAKIRTI.

This is a praiseworthy act, O King! The poor and the needy have a claim upon us. The wealth of kings is the wealth of the community held in trust; and thou art fortunate to have it in thy power to aid so mighty a sage[69] as Wis Wàmitra. I hasten to open the vaults. (*Orders a subordinate officer*) Go, fetch an elephant from the King's stables.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Wait! I rejoice, O Arichandra! to observe the promptness which thou hast evinced. Yet I find there will be some delay before I begin the sacrifice: it were well that the gold should be with thee till then.

ARICHANDRA.

If it so please thee, O sage! I will be the custodian of thy gold. It shall be delivered whensoever thou requirest it.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! I have certainly never seen one like thee. No mortal is thy equal. Thou hast acceded to all my wishes; yet before I depart, I wish that thou shouldst complete the gift of gold to me by performing the customary ceremony of transfer.

ARICHANDRA.

Wis Wàmitra, thy suggestion is good. (*Pours*[84] *water mixed with sesamum seed into the palms of* WIS WÀMITRA'S *hands, and speaks aloud.*) Let all here present listen! Sage Wis Wàmitra has this day deposited with me a large mound of gold. I promise to deliver it to him whensoever he demands it.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Son of Trisanku! who but thee can be so liberal?

ARICHANDRA.

It is no burden to me to be of any service to thee; to promote acts of piety is, indeed, the duty of kings.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Yes! thou art the incarnation of beneficence itself.

ARICHANDRA.

No merit is due to me. I owe all to Providence.

WIS WÀMITRA.

What greater reward can devotees wish for as the fruit of the oblations which they daily offer to the Gods than to have a monarch like thee as their never-failing patron?

ARICHANDRA.

Reverence, reverence to thee, Wis Wàmitra. I deserve not this commendation.

WIS WÀMITRA.

'Tis well. Arichandra, I depart now. Day or night, late or soon, when I return, be thou ready to deliver the gold. Live on—prosper!

SCENE V.

Wis Wàmitra's Hermitage in the Forest.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra is ensnared. Yes, he must now yield to my designs. Let me adopt further measures. (*Meditates, performs some incantation,*[85] *and calls out in a loud voice*) Beasts and birds of this forest, attend my summons! Lions, elephants, tigers, bears, boars, bison, deer, elks, jackals, hyænas, present yourselves before me instantly! Eagles, vultures, peacocks, fowls, quails, partridges, fly in hither, with every other winged tenant of the wilderness. (*They all congregate before him, and make a frightful noise.*) Good. But make not such a clamour. Await my orders.

SÀLI, *the disciple* (*running in great fear*).

My lord, my lord! what may this mean? Why are these beasts here? There are impious men in this world who fare on the flesh of animals; but no hermit does so. Imitatest thou the huntsmen of our wilds? Thinkest thou to kill these foxes and hyænas for thy food?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Begone, blockhead! begone! Why meddle you in matters you comprehend not? I am about to despatch these beasts and birds to devastate the fields and gardens of fertile Ayòdiah.

SITTA (*another disciple*).

Lord, lord! how ungrateful would that be! May a man ever be unfaithful to him in whose house he has been fed[86] though but once? Who can grasp thy plans? Act as thou wilt.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Tut, tut! Malapert boys, attend to your duties. (*Addressing the animals*) Ye wild creatures! confide in me and proclaim my power. Rush into the territories of Arichandra, and leave them not till you have laid waste all the cultivated lands. Let not plant, nor tree, nor grass survive your raid; but let the work of destruction be complete. Depart.

SCENE VI.

Arichandra's Court.

Enter the CULTIVATORS *and* OWNERS OF FIELDS.

CULTIVATORS, &c.

Sire, we humble ourselves before our ruler.

ARICHANDRA.

Loyal subjects! what evils oppress you? Why are you so careworn? Let me hear. You shall have speedy relief. Do the fields suffer from want of rain?[87] or do the chieftains of neighbouring States disturb your quiet? or is it that our own officers ill-treat you?

THE CULTIVATORS.

King! our wealth consists in the crops of the fields and gardens; they are now being destroyed by an immense horde of wild beasts and birds that have made an inroad into the country; our efforts to expel them have proved futile. Royal guardian, we fly to thee for protection; let thy valour befriend us!

ARICHANDRA.

It must be that I have committed some heinous sin, to find my subjects thus overborne by great evils.—Has the grace of Siva deserted me? Is this the reward of my devotion? If I have done aught wrong, pardon me, O Supreme Being! Subjects! be not cast down. I will remit the taxes on your lands for the next two years, and start with you presently on a hunting excursion. The wild animals shall either fall an easy prey to my arrows and those of my followers, or flee back to their native haunts. Minister Sattyakirti, summon my huntsmen.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Yes, my lord (*instructs a messenger to fetch them*). The huntsmen are in attendance.

ARICHANDRA.

Minister! accompanied by these huntsmen, I proceed at once. Let the Queen, escorted by the army and yourself, follow me.

SCENE VII.

The Fields and Gardens of Ayòdiah.

ARICHANDRA.

Huntsmen! Mark! there roam the beasts bursting with fury, and trampling the tender grain and corn. They spare nothing. All vanishes before them. Dare they enter Ayòdiah? Not one of them shall survive long. The beaters are driving them towards us. Hear you the noise of the horns and drums? There they come. Nor beasts nor birds shall awe us. Seize your spears, snatch your clubs, spread the nets, bend the bows: fall on them, my men; fall on them.

THE HEAD HUNTSMAN.

My fellows! let us win the King's approbation. Form a circle — quick — form a circle. There rush the elephants! In vain they trumpet and rage; what care we? Capture or kill them we must. Hedge them in; soon Arichandra's unerring arrows will quiet them for ever. Comrades! observe yon herd of lions. Their eyes flash forth

fire, their tails stand on end; they spring in gigantic leaps; they approach. Meet them with your pikes. Tigers! crouch you there? companions, cut them in twain. The bears stand in dismay, with fore-legs upraised, with mouths wide open; drive your spears into those frantic groups. Antelopes, deer, elks, attempt ye to slip through our cordon? wolves, jackals, and hyænas, where learnt ye this unheard-of daring? Set the hounds on them! free the hawks! there they go. Let all the birds perish.

Aha, aha! what a wonder! note this flight of arrows—the skies are overcast by them—the earth is hidden from our view. In disorder all birds and beasts flee; lo, what a majestic lion falls there, stung to death; a roaring cub tumbles by his side. Here drops down a fierce elephant; his companion deserts him. As he flees, a death-dealing shaft pierces him through. There a brilliant javelin travels with lightning speed, working its way through the heart of many a tiger, boar, and bear. Ah, what a carnage! This is the feast of Death. Well may that god be satiated with his spoils to-day. Arichandra is his votary now; is here, there, everywhere, ever and anon offering to him endless sacrifices. Abate your

ardour, friends; rest; the victory is won, beasts and birds have disappeared, the lands are cleared, the grounds strewn with heaps of corpses. Fall in now. Our champion comes. Let us bow to him, the mighty Arichandra.

[*They approach* ARICHANDRA *and fall at his feet, and bow to him.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Huntsmen! you have performed your duty to my satisfaction; and the country is rid of its pest: let us join our army and the Queen. Lead the way.

SCENE VIII.

Wis Wàmitra's Hermitage.

Enter the only two surviving animals from Ayòdiah, uttering mournful cries.

THE ANIMALS.[88]

Wis Wàmitra! save us! Wis Wàmitra! save us! We two are the only remnants of those

whom thou didst send to Ayòdiah; the rest have perished — rent asunder by Arichandra's arrows. Sage, what a snare didst thou lay for us there! Does this become thy greatness? Where is thy vaunted power? Little did Arichandra's weapons dread thy wrath or might.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Has it been so? Wait and see. The fire of my anger is potent enough to dry up even the ocean.

[*Meditates, and performs some incantation. A Boar of immense size and of frightful appearance comes before him.*]

SITTA (*addressing his fellow disciple*).

Brother! brother! what is to become of us? Oh, I tremble with fear. A boar really as large as a mountain[89] is there. Look! How hideous he appears! His legs are white, his body brownish black. Shaggy hair covers him; a red tail stands out on end. His eyes are balls of fire; his tusks, curved sabres. Brother, he shrieks, and there is thunder — he laughs, and

there is lightning! He frolics, he leaps, he jumps; he comes, he nears our preceptor. Brother, brother! hold me closely, else I die of fright.

SÀLI.

Have no fear; this is only another freak of our master. Come, sit by me.

THE BOAR.

Sage Wis Wàmitra! my creator! of what service can an object of such insignificance as myself be to thee? What are thy commands?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Hearken to my orders. A while ago I sent some wild beasts and birds to devastate Ayòdiah. My plan has failed; the animals have perished by the hand of Arichandra; yet before you, O boar! even he must succumb. He is now encamped with his army in a forest adjoining his territories. Go there; destroy his retinue first, and then bring him hither a prisoner.

THE BOAR.

Be it so, great sage!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

Arichandra's Encampment in the Forest.

Enter some Messengers.

THE MESSENGERS.

We come, O Sire, to apprise thee of a great disaster which has befallen the troops. A boar of extraordinary size and terrible shape—fiercer than the devil, stronger than the lion, and nimbler than the antelope—has made its appearance amongst thy men, and destroyed many a soldier—many a leader. The whole army is astir with commotion and fear. For this is no denizen of the wilds; it is some evil spirit in disguise.

ARICHANDRA.

Fear not. I go. So long as the Gods favour me, so long as I can wield a bow, no affliction shall befall my army. Sattyakirti! order the chariot and bow presented to me by the Goddess Durga to be brought hither.

[*They are brought, and* ARICHANDRA, *grasping the bow, enters the chariot.*]

Messengers! in what direction is that wild boar?

THE MESSENGERS.

Not far away, sire. Beyond that wood, over that copse, thy troops are encamped, and amidst them is the savage creature.

ARICHANDRA (*speaking to his Charioteer*).

Drive on. Press the horses forward.

Yes, I behold the boar. His appearance might frighten any one. But kill or die is the motto of our race. Unless I triumph over this beast, how can I deserve to be a king of men! He sees me; with fury he flies towards me. Let this arrow welcome him! (*Shoots his arrow—it strikes the animal, which turns back and vanishes*). Well! it has proved an easy victory. Let me rejoin the Queen and her retinue.

[*He drives on, and encounters on his way a charming garden with water, in the midst of the wilderness.*]

My beloved Minister! how enchanting is the scene before us! This sylvan lake, and its adjoining grove of fruit and flowering trees, form a delicious retreat in the midst of so wild a country. How came they here? Is this the resort of gods or nymphs? Observe, over the limpid water of this

magnificent lake, float the white, the red, and the blue lotus. On the velvet leaves of the tender lily the water-drops glisten like so many brilliants. Their slender stems rise above the water-level, bearing aloft many a peaked bud and full-blown blossom; while hovering over them wild bees, drunk with honey or drowned in love, chase their mates in ceaseless revolutions. Nor is the bank less gorgeous. The majestic bamboo, with its fluted stem, yellow as if bathed in saffron-water, and rich in feathery foliage, leans over the lake. The *banana* is there, heavy with its golden-tinted fruit. Up shoots the tall and tender *areca*,[90] its emerald tufts waving to the winds, its delicate stem entwined by the *betel* creeper. The *champac* and the *mellica*[90]—flowers, indeed, of all hues and forms, redolent with rich perfumes—scent the atmosphere. The clouds emit a gentle shower: bright look the trees. And as genial zephyrs blow, the outstretched branches rustle with tremulous motion—their radiant leaves throwing off the moisture in a profusion of pearly drops. Birds sing. How sweet is their melody! How handsome the peacocks! Parrots, mainas,[91] and green doves flit from bough to bough. How joyous they seem!—Not even the noon-day sun can make

itself felt within this bower. I descry a small palace. Let us go in.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Sire! This is a fitting spot for thee to pass the night. The God of Day has run his course, and will soon disappear. We already see the God of Night. The Queen and the army are here.

ARICHANDRA.

Yes, Minister! Let us encamp here to-day. Issue the necessary orders.

SATTYAKIRTI.

I will do so, King. [*Gives instructions to some Messengers in attendance.*] I observe some ascetics[92] wending their way hither. Note their naked and attenuated frames, and the tangled locks of hair which descend to their feet: the nails of their fingers, long unpared, have grown round their wrists. In caves of the mountains and hollows in the trunks of the gigantic trees which cover the forest is their home. Yams, roots, and leaves form their food. Clothing have they none, unless it be tiger-skins or deer-hides. What wants have they, who have renounced all wants? King and slave, gold and stone, are the same to

them. All their desires have been rooted out by the one great desire of being merged in the love of God. They seldom visit men; but thy excellent conduct, O King! draws even the recluses to thee. [*They enter.*]

ARICHANDRA (*falling at their feet*).

I am the happiest of mortals, to be able to welcome you to my encampment.

THE ASCETICS.

Our calling thou knowest. In the affairs of the world we never meddle—yea, as thou understandest, we seldom break silence, as speech[93] excites the mind. Yet as thy virtuous career is known to us, we come hither to warn thee of the evils which are about to beset thee. Quit this place forthwith. Tarry till daylight and thou art ruined. Cruel Wis Wàmitra is enraged. He will presently be here; when he meets thee, it will be either to curse or condemn thee to long-lived sufferings. Be wise. Hasten, hasten hence.

ARICHANDRA.

My obligations for your kind counsel are great.

Yet this surprises me. Wis Wàmitra! he dislike me! he angry with me! Have I not ever been his friend? What have I done, either in thought or word or deed, to offend that sage? I can think of nought. No; I cannot fly from him —I will wait and see him; if I have in any way offended him, I must obtain his pardon.

THE ASCETICS.

The course of destiny, O King! not even the Gods can alter or check. We go. [*Exeunt.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Minister! I retire to rest—I feel fatigued after to-day's hunt.

SCENE X.

An inner Apartment.

ARICHANDRA *and his* QUEEN.

ARICHANDRA (*starting from his bed*).

It is daybreak; awake, Sandramati, awake, and hear the dream[94] which I dreamed this night. I

tremble with fear, for it forebodes evil. O God! befriend thy votary.

SANDRAMATI.

Husband! the spring of my life and the stay of my existence! what has startled thee? Let me hear thy dream. Be consoled. What harm can come to thee, who hast never harmed any?

ARICHANDRA.

Sandramati! my ever-devoted wife! my dream is ominous; I dread to relate it to you. I comprehend not its exact purport.

SANDRAMATI.

My lord! if thou canst not unravel this dream, much less can I, an untaught woman. Summon thy Prime Minister. His knowledge is unlimited. He will readily explain it to us.

[ARICHANDRA *orders the Chamberlain to fetch the Minister.* SATTYAKIRTI *is introduced.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Sattyakirti, I have been this night sorely troubled by a dream which perplexes me much. Can you decipher its meaning?

SATTYAKIRTI.

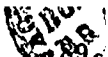
I will endeavour, my lord, to do so, so far as my poor understanding enables me.

ARICHANDRA.

Listen. My vision is this. Methought I saw my father die, and that in succession I mounted his throne and married five wives. Shortly after, one of these I gave to a devotee, and a second accompanied the last against my wish. Of the other three, one ran away. The fourth was struck blind, and she too deserted me. One alone stood fast by me. Here the dream broke off. What evil does this forebode?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Sire, it grieves me to tell thee of the awful purport of this dream. My heart quakes to think of the consequences. Yet soon, I fear, they are to take place. Know then, monarch, the first wife whom thou didst present to a devotee is the town of Ayòdiah. Of this thou shalt soon be deprived by a devotee. Along with it thou wilt lose also the kingdom and country of Ayòdiah. This is the wife who accompanied the first.



She who ran away is Sandramati, thy Queen, from whom thou art destined to be soon parted. The one who was stricken blind and left thee is Devadàsa, thy son. He too will leave thee. Though all these deserted thee, yet one remained behind. And who is she, but thy never-failing friend—thy constancy, thy virtuous conduct, and thy love of Truth?

O Gods! Is such then to be the lot of my King? Is this the end of all human glory? May Siva protect Arichandra, and avert these evils from his head!

SANDRAMATI.

My lord, if such be our fate, who can avert it? If our Maker wills it, so must it be. Yes, my husband, this life is a bubble—human prosperity a phantom. Grieve not to lose such trifles. But let thy virtue remain ever untarnished, let nothing shake thy veracity: a man dies, but his fame lives to eternity.

SCENE XI.

Wis Wàmitra's Hermitage.

[*The wounded Boar having returned and complained to him, he consoles the beast — meditates, and performs some incantation—and two* APSARA GIRLS *of the lowest caste appear.*]

THE APSARA GIRLS.

Mighty Wis Wàmitra! what service can we, thy most humble slaves, render thee?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Maidens! I ordain that you become endowed with incomparable beauty; I will also that you become skilled in the knowledge of music and the art of dancing. My fiat endows you both with these accomplishments. Retire hence to where King Arichandra is now sojourning, and exhibit your performances before him. Let the melody of your voices and the grace of your motions be such as to draw down the Gods to witness them.

When you have charmed Arichandra, beg of him as a reward either to give you his silver canopy[95] of state, or, as an alternative, to admit you into his *zenana*.[96]

THE APSARA GIRLS.

We will endeavour to gain thy approval, O sage! we take leave of thee.

SCENE XII.

Arichandra's Encampment.

Enter a Messenger.

THE MESSENGER.

I come to announce the arrival of two Apsara girls of amazing beauty. Their creation must have cost even *Brahma*[24] infinite pains. For, Sire, their forms are models of symmetry and grace. Their plaited tresses are as dark as the rain-clouds. Their arched foreheads are as handsome as the crescent moon. Such may, perhaps, be the bow which the God of Love

handles. His flower-tipped shafts are not more keen or cruel than their almond-shaped black eyes, fatal as death-dealing javelins and lustrous as the source of light itself. The comeliness of their countenances equals that of the full-blown lotus, which, refreshed by the night dews, spreads out its pink-coloured petals in the morning to welcome the God of Day [28] as he rises over the orient hills and diffuses the warmth of his golden rays over earth, sky, and water. Their pouting lips are coral-hued—their heaving bosoms are shaped like the young king-cocoanut—their waists are slender as the tendril—their gait that of the peacock—their perfections unrivalled—their accomplishments untold. Will your Majesty see them? They pray for an interview.

ARICHANDRA.

Admit them.

THE APSARA GIRLS.

Valiant chief! who art as affable and complaisant as the moon, on whose beauty our eyes are now feasting! let thy grace attend us poor girls. By birth, O Sire, we are *Pariahs*—by profession, songstresses and dancers. We live

not far away—our humble homes are at the foot of yonder hills. Will your Majesty condescend to see us perform?

ARICHANDRA.

Philosophers teach, O maids! that in woman we behold the incarnation of evil itself. Well may they dread beauty and fascinations like yours. I will see you perform.

[*They sing and dance.*]

Pause. Fatigue not yourselves. You have done enough to convince me of your exquisite skill in every branch of your profession; your merit deserves ample reward. Minister, present these damsels with gold, silks, and jewels.

THE APSARA GIRLS.

Sire, riches in abundance we have. The trifles of the world we appreciate not. Distinguished monarch of the Solar race, accord us the gift of that silver-made canopy, whereunder thou sittest to sway this world.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Damsels! know you not that what you have asked forms part of the inseparable insignia of sovereignty? You are guilty of great impropriety.

Yet you are excused by your ignorance. Accept what was offered you and depart.

THE APSARA GIRLS.

'Tis well, Sire! If your Majesty could not part with the canopy, wouldst thou, we pray, permit us to make of thee another request? Love, O Prince, has been torturing us ever since we saw thy royal features. In his grasp we now writhe. Condescend, O Monarch—and this is a gift which we value beyond all other presents—condescend, we implore thee, to receive us into thy *anta-purra*,[96] and to soothe the fire which rages within us. What greater boon can man confer on poor woman than heartily to respond to her love? What greater sin could he commit than to cruelly break her heart, or let her sink unrescued—unheeded—in the surging waves of an unrelenting passion? O King, the fire of the infernal regions is cooler than the heat of the affection which melts our frames. Pour on us the waters of mercy: pity us—we perish.[97]

SATTYAKIRTI.

Vile women! have you the audacity to speak thus in the august presence of King Arichandra? Unsparingly may you have land, or gold, or gems,

or garments; but such lascivious prate can never be tolerated.

THE APSARA GIRLS.

King! we asked of you but insignificant reward for our pains. But the treatment we have met with shows us that we were entirely misinformed as to your true character, and well may we now say no greater miser than Arichandra ever existed. Yet, in the world to come, greater punishment awaits the man who has prevented another from giving to the needy than even him who, though possessed of ample means, is yet niggardly in assisting the poor. It is truly difficult to say which is the worse, you or your impudent Minister.

ARICHANDRA.

Guards! remove these women hence. Drive them away from my encampment.

[*The women are forcibly taken away. Some time after enters* WIS WÀMITRA, *feigning rage, and accompanied by the* APSARA GIRLS.]

ARICHANDRA (*falling at* WIS WÀMITRA'S *feet*).

Sacred being! why art thou so angry? Obeisance, obeisance to thee!

WIS WÀMITRA.

Hypocrite! Sinner! Defile not my feet. Stand aloof. What havoc have you been making amongst the innocent beasts and birds! What disturbance have you been creating amidst the sacred haunts devoted to the retirement of ascetics and sages! Why have you so maltreated these poor girls? Tyrant! See in what plight you have driven them away hence, whither they had come unawares to exhibit their skill in music and dancing.

ARICHANDRA.

Sage, relent! Wax not so angry with so humble a being. Is the lion to wreak his wrath on the sparrow? It is not unknown to thee that it is the duty of kings to protect the lands and fields under their rule from the inroads of wild animals. When Ayòdiah was devastated by beasts and birds, I exterminated them with my arms. Neither does it become a *Kshetriya*[9] to consort with *pariah* women; nor is it proper that I should even in dreams associate in my mind the thought of any other women with that of my own lawful wife—Sandramati. My state canopy I could not give away without forfeiting with it my authority

as the sovereign of these realms. I expelled these women because they grew insolent and addressed sinful and unlawful language to me. And, my lord, I was not aware that thou wert the patron of wild beasts, or of vile Apsara girls.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Yes, I know I can find nowhere a greater adept than yourself in the art of dissimulation. In this world it is always so; a man cuts the throat of another, and anon he declares, "Ah, I did it unconsciously!" I came not hither to waste words upon you. Villain, your sins must be expiated; you must have your reward. Presently I shall anathematize you.

ARICHANDRA.

My lord, pardon me! To forgive the faulty, the ignorant, and the erring, is the part of the wise and the great. Should thy kindness desert me for the sake of these low creatures?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Sir, my anger is roused! Nothing but the destruction of the object which stirred it could now allay it. Thus, unless you gratify the desires

of these *Pariah* girls, you yourself shall soon be transformed into a *Pariah* slave.

SANDRAMATI.

Great Wis Wàmitra! to whom can we fly for protection when thou condescendest to injure us? Spare us, my lord, spare!

SATTYAKIRTI.

If kings fail to prosper, the earth and all in it must suffer. Even devotees must cease to perform sacrifices for want of guardians[98] to protect them from the inroads of demons and giants. Arichandra has done no harm: prithee drive evil thoughts away.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Nothing shall wheedle me from my purpose. Arichandra! be ready to receive the anathema.

ARICHANDRA.

Have mercy, Wis Wàmitra! Has a Kshetriya ever wedded a *Pariah* woman? Is virtue to be thus disregarded?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Sir, obey my behests. Utter no idle words. Refuse to fulfil the wishes of these damsels, and you are ruined for ever!

ARICHANDRA.

No, never! Cleave my body asunder,—curse me, kill me, as you will. Yes, I shall cheerfully endure all this; but never will I swerve from virtue.—Yet a word more: I shall willingly give you, in irrevocable gift, my State, my throne, my wealth, all that I possess, if you will not compel me to transgress the path of rectitude.

WIS WÀMITRA.

I assent. Adhere to your word.

ARICHANDRA.

My word never fails. Accept them. I give thee my kingdom, my army, my officers, my exchequer—all that I now own. Wear the signet ring. Take it (*gives it over*). Gods above and men below, be witnesses to this transfer. I depart from this place forthwith.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! be you ever blessed. Your name is a synonym for Truth and Liberality. (*Addressing the people present*) Proclaim me Sovereign of Ayòdiah: Arichandra is no longer its ruler.

[*The proclamation is made.*]

But before you leave me, Arichandra, you should also give over the crown that you wear, and the chains and bracelets that now adorn your arms and wrists. To be a king, I must be dressed like a king; therefore let me have your ornaments. Remove those from your wife and son also.

ARICHANDRA.

I obey. (*He removes the jewels from himself, his wife and son, and delivers them to* WIS WÀMITRA.) Give me leave to go, great sage!

WIS WÀMITRA.

You can now depart. (*They move on.*) But, Arichandra, tarry—tarry. True, you have given me your State and all that it comprised: you have also given me the State jewels. This is not all. Please strip yourself and your family of the rich apparel wherewith you are clothed.

ARICHANDRA.

Wis Wàmitra! we have to journey to some distant country to eke out the remaining days of our existence on this earth. We have given away everything: now thou demandest also our garments. Is it proper that we should be thus denuded of all attire? Have compassion on thy poor slaves!

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! do you grudge me my due? Well, I will deal by you mercifully. Here, take these three pieces of ochre-tinged [99] cloth; wear them, and let me have the valuable apparel with which you are decked.

ARICHANDRA.

Let thy wish be gratified. (*Delivers his, his wife's, and his son's rich clothing, substituting for it three pieces of cotton cloth tinged with ochre.*) May we now retire, sage?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Yes, leave this place.

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ARICHANDRA.

Devadàsa, my son! Sandramati, my wife! accompany me: we should no longer stay in this country. [*They proceed some way.*]

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! come back, come back! Arch-deceiver! stay. I have yet an account to settle with you. Have you thus taken advantage of my failing memory? Is this, then, your vaunted virtue? Shame on you! Deliver up, rogue, the gold which I left in your custody some time ago, and which you undertook to hand to me when I should call for it: pretend you to have forgotten this?

ARICHANDRA.

The vaults of the exchequer, of which thou hast become the sovereign owner, hold, carefully locked up in them, the gold which I gave to assist thee in performing a sacrifice. All that I ever possessed I have given thee; and thou hast taken away even my apparel. What more can I do?

WIS WÀMITRA.

True; you have deprived yourself of all that

you had. Hence you have no right to say that the gold which is now mine should be set against that which you promised me, but never gave me. Away! away with your sophistry!

I will yet be charitable, and forgive your deceitful conduct. Declare, then, that you never pledged yourself to give me the gold, or that having done so, yet you do not now consider yourself bound to pay it. Can I treat you more leniently?

ARICHANDRA.

Such a declaration I can never make. Though hung by a chain[100] hooked into the flesh of my back, I be twirled round and round—though I be made to pass through all conceivable tortures—a lie I will never tell. Yes; I owe thee gold and pay it I shall. Let a messenger accompany me and leave me not till I have given him thy due.

WIS WÀMITRA.

They say that when one loses his horse, his loss ends not there; for he must incur expenses in digging a trench and burying him. So you have not only deprived me of the gold due to me, but you wish also that I should provide you

with a travelling companion. Am I to blame your treachery or my cruel fate? You promised to deliver me the gold upon my demanding it; but you now ask for time to do so. Well; I never treat men harshly—I will not be hard with you. Take twenty days' time, and before the twentieth day expires, see that my messenger has the money paid into his hands.

ARICHANDRA.

The distance between this and Kàsi, whither I am bound, is, as you know, great, and it is after my arrival there I must procure the gold. I beg thee, therefore, to grant me a respite of forty-eight days.

WIS WÀMITRA.

You feign to be very sorry, and imagine that I have been cruel towards you; but this is not singular. Such is ever the case in this wicked world. When one lends you money, you are happy, and you adore him as your kind friend; but when he insists on repayment, you imagine that he is inflicting on you a great hardship, and treat him as your greatest enemy. The money-lender is the sweet sugar-cane at first—he becomes a branch of the bitter *margosa*[101] tree at last. Well,

take your own time, but be punctual in your payment. Go. [*He proceeds.*]

Ah, ah! I have forgotten yet one thing—stay. True you have given me your kingdom, but I cannot view myself as its lawful sovereign until I am duly installed on the throne. Accompany me, therefore, to Ayòdiah and crown me yourself. Walk in thither with your wife and son; I will ride in your chariot, surrounded by the troops and state officers.

ARICHANDRA.

I abide by thy commands.

SCENE XIII.

The Road leading to the Palace in Ayòdiah.

ARICHANDRA, *his Wife, and Son, walk on foot, and in threadbare garments.* WIS WÀMITRA *enters in state, with the retinue following him.*

THE CITIZENS (*weeping*).

Alas! alas! was it, then, so ordained that he who but a short time ago rode out in a triumphal

car on a hunting excursion should so soon be deprived of all his state and glory? Our eyes are aflame.—Oh, who can endure such a spectacle? Wis Wàmitra, we confided in thee, as if thou wert even our father, mother, and tutelary deity, and thought not that thou wouldst have deceived us so! Ah! it breaks our hearts to behold that King, so good, so kind, so innocent, reduced to this awful plight. Look. They walk barefoot on that hard road—Arichandra, Sandramati, and Devadàsa. We see no crown on him—his ear-pendants are removed—his shoulders bear no jewelled epaulets—his breast is bare—no golden chains, or gemmed medals, or strings of lustrous pearl shine there; his sword is lost—his sceptre gone. No embroidered silk or velvet forms his clothing now: yea, only a few shreds of ochre-dyed clothes cover his person. Those feet of our gracious Queen, which are now wearing out on the hard pavement, once showered gems from their ankle-rings wherever they moved. The infant Devadàsa, a child as yet unused to walking, is also there lagging along by the side of his parents. When even the rocks would melt with grief at this soul-rending scene, will not trickish Wis Wàmitra relent? Oh! Where are the gods? Can they tolerate this?

What sins has our royal family committed? — Is it that the world approaches its end? or do our senses deceive us?

[*They surround* ARICHANDRA *and his family.*]

Our king! our lord! what hast thou done? Why dost thou walk in this forlorn condition, and permit those wild men to ride on elephants, on horses, and in cars? How can we submit ourselves to be ruled by the ash-besmeared[25] and unclean men of the woods. Wilt thou desert us thus?

ARICHANDRA.

Kind friends, I have ceased to be your king, and am now but a mendicant. Sorrow not for me, a sinner; but be cheerful. Of my own free will have I given to sage Wis Wàmitra this kingdom of Ayòdiah: he is your ruler. I pray you, obey him; live and prosper.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Incite not, Arichandra, your subjects to plague me thus, but be quick; crown me king over them.

ARICHANDRA.

There need be no delay to thy coronation. The well-behaved inhabitants of this land will be ever faithful to thy rule.

SCENE XIV.

The Palace.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! I am waiting to be made a king.

ARICHANDRA.

Mount that throne, and seat yourself facing the east.[102]

WIS WÀMITRA.

Disciples and friends! sit you also.

SITTA (*whispering to* SÀLI).

Brother, these lanky hermits, with their tiger and deer-skin coverings, look like so many monkeys. What business have they here?

SÀLI.

You are right, Sitta. These men having wasted all their lives in the forest, as if they were so many wild animals, essay now, nevertheless, to begin a new life, and rule the world. But can these beggars do it? See our master there. What a baboon he looks! How he stares at this and that with his goggle eyes!

SITTA.

Our preceptor was once a king; and, therefore, he may perhaps be excused for his hankering after sovereignty. But what reason can the other shaggy devils assign for their appearance here? Tired of their wild life and meagre fare, do they come hither to repose in ease, and to get fattened at Arichandra's expense?

ARICHANDRA.

Tributary chiefs, prime minister, state officers, commanders of my army—all you who are present here—silence! Wis Wâmitra, the new King of Ayòdiah, ascends the throne. I crown him with my diadem (*sets the crown on his head*), and transfer to him my power and rights. Acknow-

ledge his sovereignty, and be his obedient subjects. Adieu! adieu! my kind friends.

THE CHIEFS, MINISTERS, AND OTHERS.

We obey the injunctions of Arichandra, and hail thee as our king.

ARICHANDRA.

Wis Wàmitra, you can let me go now. Let your messenger accompany me.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Yes; quit this place forthwith. I will despatch a messenger to-morrow.

ARICHANDRA.

I will go instantly, and await your messenger beyond the gates of this city. Permit me, however, to beg of you a single favour before I leave Ayòdiah. The people of this land have been ever loyal and well conducted, and never had I occasion to complain of them. Let, therefore, your sway over them be mild and benignant. Extend, I pray, your forbearance and charity, if perchance they should commit any fault.

WIS WÀMITRA.

That, sir, is my business! Will you now quit my palace? But, madman, before you thus desert your country, I will afford you yet another opportunity of redeeming all that you have lost. Not only are you ruining yourself, but also your wife and child. Why are you so foolhardy? Accede, I counsel you, to the wishes of those Apsara girls, and I will restore you to your state and power.

ARICHANDRA.

Sage, your kindness is great, but never can I comply with your request. What I have given you I shall never take back. I go hence to rest on the banks of the river Sarayu, and shall not depart thence till your messenger joins me.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Who can arrest a blockhead from impending ruin? Have, then, your own way! Go hence. Go.

END OF ACT III.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Road to Sarayu.

ARICHANDRA.

LET us now, Sandramati, retire to the banks of the Sarayu, and seek shelter for the night under the umbrageous trees which grow there. Sorrow not, dear girl. Grief avails nothing; it removes not even one atom of our sufferings. Births and deaths form an unfathomable ocean. No soul caught in its waves can escape from the tornado of evils which upheaves its waters. When station, power, and glory, such as I possessed, have vanished before us like the phantoms of a dream, why should we wish to retain such fleeting trifles?

The glitter of gold and authority enslaved our minds for a while; but from their fetters we are happily freed for ever, and we can henceforward attend to higher objects. Yield not to the agonies of maternal affection, at seeing your infant son, Devadàsa, fainting with fatigue: nor be enraged with Wis Wàmitra. He is not to blame: for we are only eating[103] the fruits of the sins attaching to our former births. Even he is the tool of Fate, as great a slave to inexorable Destiny as ourselves.

My son, Devadàsa, I once fondly imagined you would become my successor; but this is not to be; for the evils of life overtake you at your very birth. Heed them not, child; walk on.

THE CITIZENS.

[*Following them.*] Arichandra! Arichandra! Dost thou abandon us thus? Is this the reward for our fidelity to thee? Have we offended thee in any way that thou shouldst resort to self-exile? No; we will follow thee whithersoever thou goest —we care not for our lives, or families, or fields, or lands. [*They weep.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Citizens! weep not. Voluntarily have I pre-

sented Wis Wàmitra with my throne: no fault attaches to him. I must leave you; return to your homes, and live contented under his rule. May all prosperity attend you!

THE CITIZENS.

Art thou then so cruel? and must we stay behind?

ARICHANDRA.

Aye, my friends. Conspire not, I beseech you, to make me break my pledge with Wis Wàmitra. Return, return! [*Exeunt citizens.*]

My darling wife! my sweet child! observe afar the silvery spray of the noble Sarayu, hemmed in by verdant banks. [*They walk on.*] Here we are—let us rest.

SCENE II.

The Banks of the River Sarayu.

Enter Officers of State, Commanders of Armies, and Chieftains.

THE OFFICERS, COMMANDERS, AND CHIEFTAINS.

Sire, we follow you; we cannot live away from you. Having eaten your salt, can we now

prove unfaithful to you? Why desert Ayòdiah through dread of Wis Wàmitra? Is his might so great? The deception he has practised is unworthy of a holy man; he merits death. Yes, sire, it is no sin to kill even a cow,[104] should she attempt to kill her keeper.

ARICHANDRA.

Ah, no, my men. Spend no thoughts on an unworthy being like myself. Go—live in peace under Wis Wàmitra's sway.

THE OFFICERS, COMMANDERS, AND CHIEFTAINS.

Sire! what regard can we have for him, who has treated you so foully? Has he not juggled you out of all that you possessed? Has he not stripped you even of your clothing? Does he not demand the gold which you no longer own? and is he not about to send a messenger to make prisoners of you all? Such inhumanity is not to be tolerated. Did we grow to manhood to prove cowards in your service? Give us permission, we pray, to slay Wis Wàmitra forthwith, and restore you to your lawful rights. This, sire, is no crime—hinder us not.

ARICHANDRA.

My friends! my friends! what cruel thoughts possess your minds! Cease to harbour such wicked intentions. I can never countenance your diabolical attempts. Yea, it is a sin to hear them discussed. Kingdoms are trifles when men like Wis Wàmitra desire them: return, obey him.

THE OFFICERS, COMMANDERS, AND CHIEFS.

If such be your resolution—if such be your order—we cannot transgress it. We go. May the great God extend His mercy to you and your family!

[WIS WÂMITRA *approaches* ARICHANDRA'S *resting-place, keeps himself invisible, overhears all that has just transpired, and soliloquizes.*]

WIS WÀMITRA.

What more can I do to attain my object? As yet I am far from having achieved it. I asked for immense wealth—Arichandra readily gave it: I wiled him away into the wilderness, and exposed him to repeated trials—he felt them not, but destroyed the beasts and birds,

and wounded the boar: I attempted to win him over by the fascinations of fair women — his constancy was proof against them. At last I snatched away his kingdom, turned him adrift a beggar in the streets, and disgraced him by depriving him of even his raiment — still this proud man bent not. He witnesses the agony of his wife and child, and yet changes not his dogged resolution. What avail all my machinations after this!

[*Appears before* ARICHANDRA, *and takes him by surprise.*]

Arichandra! have you been then conspiring against my life with your men? Must you add iniquity to iniquity? Are you not content with having slain the dumb and harmless creatures of the forest? Can you not rest satisfied with having ruined those poor women? Must you also now decide upon assassinating me? O Gods! what am I to do with such a man? How can I place confidence in you? Wicked wretch! let me alone. I want neither your territory nor your throne; take them back. I cannot be safe in Ayòdiah; I return to my humble hermitage: surely my life is of more value to me than all the paraphernalia of kingly sway.

ARICHANDRA.

I am not guilty of the crime thou imputest to me; yet if I have by any measure offended thee, I crave thy pardon. What has become thine can never become mine again. Go, rule thy state: thy messenger's absence alone detains me here.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Fool! you shall soon reap the reward of your obstinacy. Blame me no more; I have shown you every consideration.

[*Meditates and performs some incantation; a messenger, by name* NEKSHETRA, *appears.*]

MESSENGER.

Godly sage, Wis Wàmitra! I am here. I obey thy summons. What mission dost thou assign me? Thy creature awaits thy commands.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Nekshetra, listen! I give in charge of you as your prisoners this man Arichandra, his wife Sandramati, and his son Devadàsa. They are my debtors; a mound of gold, whose altitude equals

that which the missile hurled from a sling by a man standing on an elephant's back would attain is what these people owe me, and have long unlawfully detained from me—your duty is to recover it. Use any means you choose. Only let me have my gold returned before the expiration of forty-eight days. Beat them, slash them, chain them, do whatsoever pleases you.

NEKSHETRA.

I shall faithfully fulfil thy instructions—I am, indeed, no respecter of persons. Though his wife moan—though the child weep—though friends intercede—it matters not; no rest will I give the debtor till he delivers the gold. Should he delay the payment, I will spare him no punishment; but make him walk with his back loaded with a ponderous mass of granite, his hands pressed down with the *kiddy*;[105] I will pluck out the hair of his moustache, and tie his head up with only a span's length of rope.[106] Wait awhile; I will easily screw the gold out of him.

WIS WÀMITRA (*speaking aside to the Messenger*).

Nekshetra! this, however, is not the most important part of your errand. Press him hard,

and put him to all kinds of ordeals. Should he, unable to endure his sufferings, implore mercy, ask him to utter a falsehood. If he comply, treat him with the greatest condescension and kindness, and lead him back to me.

NEKSHETRA.

Be it so, my lord.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! you and your family are Nekshetra's prisoners. Pray, practise no fraud upon that simple-minded Brahmin youth, but show him due respect and abide by his orders. See that his journey is made pleasant, and provide him with food at seasonable times.

ARICHANDRA.

So long as life is in me, so long also will I not fail to treat Nekshetra with all attention.

NEKSHETRA.

Now, sir, before I take charge of you, let me warn you as to what I expect of you. First, be duly apprized I am a sacred Brahmin. Let,

therefore, your demeanour to me be deeply respectful. Never desert me, nor counsel your wife or child to run away, nor grumble whenever I think it proper to punish you. Finally, expect not a moment's delay when the forty-eight days have expired.

ARICHANDRA.

As thou hast full control over us, what occasion is there, Nekshetra, to talk to me of terms? We will do all in our power to please thee. Shall we, then, depart?

SCENE III.

The Road to Kási.

SATTYAKIRTI, *the Prime Minister, overtakes* ARICHANDRA.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Has it come to this? Is partiality, then, the true character of the Gods? But why complain? for even they have not escaped the blighting

influence of *Sani*.[107] All of us, the astrologers declare, must be brought some time or other under his sway. Arichandra is now in the hold of that dire planet, and smarts under these misfortunes. But was it for me to witness this scene of woe; why survived I Arichandra's glory? Fed by his bounty, have I grown fat, only to prove utterly unworthy of his kindness? He and his family are dragged away prisoners, and, nevertheless, here I stand mimicking grief. Yet, O blind Gods! what is in my power? Ye hills, ye dales, ye trees, ye streams, do you stand still—can you look unmoved at such atrocities? Mother[108] earth, on whom I now rest, canst thou not help this King? That goddess of chastity—Sandramati—the Queen of this land, walks in mud and mire, with mere rags to cover her person; while the heir to this great kingdom—the Royal infant—Devadàsa—is led on foot. All order is destroyed; everything is upset. Yet who heeds them? Am I also to desert them? [*Running up before* ARICHANDRA.] Sire, whither goest thou?

ARICHANDRA.

Sattyakirti! why betray so much concern?

Wherefore neglect your duties in the palace, and stray hither? Think not of me: do you deem it necessary that a man should drown himself because his friend is dead? You are well read and need no advice. Return.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Speak not thus, my lord. Power I heed not—riches I value not—my life is a straw—my wealth is thy affection towards me; thee alone I adore—thou alone art my all. Thinkest thou I am sold in bondage to Wis Wàmitra? No; of thee alone am I the inalienable slave, and from thee must I never be parted.

ARICHANDRA.

Minister, you are endowed with unparalleled wisdom! Give, I beg you, no cause of displeasure to your master, nor plunge unconsciously into interminable difficulties. He alone who has sinned must suffer for his sins—why should you bear my burdens on your back? Stay away, stay; adieu, friend, adieu!

SATTYAKIRTI.

Sire, I have resolved; not even Fate itself

can alter my purpose. Let it cost my life—let the thunderbolt[109] of Indra strike me—let me be hurled into flames—let the wicked Wis Wàmitra deal out the worst of anathemas on me—come what may—I shall not go back. Thee I will follow; thy sufferings, thy troubles, I must share and alleviate. Was I thy minister only in prosperity? And have I become thy enemy in adversity?

ARICHANDRA.

Minister! wise man! wish you to augment my perplexities? Must you disobey me? My wife and son alone shall accompany me. Go back; desert not your family.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Am I then a stranger to thee? And are thy wife and child alone dear to thee? Dost thou thus distrust me? Did I attach myself to thy service to be now cast away?——Sire, a wife lost or a child dead may be replaced—wealth be re-acquired and health recruited—but friendship once forfeited is never regained. Rather than stay here and see thee depart alone, I will hang myself to the boughs of this *ala*[110] tree, and end this wretched life. [*Attempts to commit suicide.*]

ARICHANDRA.

My friend! my friend! pause, hear me. If your determination be such, come with us; perhaps you, too, are doomed to suffer. Who can avoid it? Be not rash; do no violence to your person.

SATTYAKIRTI.

My lord, if the soul perishes, the body must likewise perish. Wherever the King goes, his minister must also go.

NEKSHETRA.

Well, idlers, what are you about? Walk on. [*Beats them with a cane.*] How relish you that?

[*They proceed, and presently a zahara*[111] *spreads out before them on the way.*]

DEVADÀSA.

Father! I cannot endure the heat; this ground is as hot as fire. Mother! can you not help me?

SANDRAMATI.

My darling boy! has it fallen to my lot to see

you thus writhing in pain? Have these burning sands been substituted for the velvet cushions and garlanded mattresses on which you used to run and disport yourself? Child! what can I do?

[*Weeps.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Alas! alas! the fiery surface of the earth we now tread oppresses us heavily. My child is fainting, Sandramati is weeping for assistance, and yet I stand here like a statue.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Devadàsa, my child, you can no longer endure these torments; come here; I will carry you.

[*He takes up* DEVADÀSA *in his arms.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Sandramati! my wife, kill not yourself with fatigue. I will bear you in my arms.

SANDRAMATI.

My ever-loving husband! that should not be. I cannot desecrate those arms[112] wherein dwells the Goddess of Valour. No; a wife is not to be held superior to her lord.

NEKSHETRA.

Arichandra! Arichandra! how is this? Why have you set fire to these sands? I cannot walk on them, unless you help me; I shall presently die.

ARICHANDRA.

No harm shall befall thee, Nekshetra: I will carry thee.

[*He takes* NEKSHETRA *on his shoulders.*]

NEKSHETRA.

This gladdens my heart. Proceed—proceed.

[*As they cross the zahara with difficulty, they enter a road swarming with venomous insects and reptiles.*]

SANDRAMATI.

My husband! how are we to find our way in the midst of these snakes and scorpions? They pursue us. Child, keep close to me. Wild hornets sting us: our bodies have turned black: the pain is intense.

ARICHANDRA.

Cruel Gods! have I not expiated my sins yet?

Can you not spare me? Death, why dost thou not come?

NEKSHETRA.

Prisoners! you have plotted together to some purpose, as I not only suffer from the heat and glare of a burning sun and a parched desert, but am also exposed to the bites of venomous insects. Added to all, I cannot get even a drop of water to appease my thirst. Villains! why did you bring me here? But oh! look yonder.

[*A herd of wild beasts obstruct their way.*]

There the elephant trumpets; the tiger crouching awaits our arrival; the lion is ready to spring on us; now an awful wild buffalo tears the earth with his horns, and bellows forth in thundering tones. How dare we go through them? I cannot —I return. I care not for the gold.

ARICHANDRA.

Nekshetra! fear not; stand beside me; I will protect you.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Brahmin! torture us not thus. Your conduct

may well be compared to that of the courtesan who, regardless of the pangs of death under which her gallant is groaning, insists that he should rise from his death-bed to make provision for her future comfort. See you not that we are sufferers like yourself? We shall take a different route, and avoid these beasts. We are near the river Gaumadi;[113] there, sir, we can refresh ourselves.

NEKSHETRA.

Your insolence is past rebuke. Yet if a man's clothes be entangled in a thorny bush, gently must they be extricated from it. I am in your hands; treat me as you please: but walk on. I find these animals show me some regard; look! they disperse.

[*They reach the river Gaumadi.*]

SATTYAKIRTI.

Worthy messenger, here we have abundance of water: wash yourself, and rest a little. I will go into the wilderness, and gather some fruits, edible roots, and leaves.[114] [*Exit.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Well, Arichandra, have you not, after all, told a lie? You prayed to the Gods to take away your life, you courted death. Yet I behold you still alive.

ARICHANDRA.

Forgive me, sir; my prayer is unheeded by them, and, if not actually dead, I am nearly so. We all require repose: let me sleep on this bank, and under the shade of these trees.

[*The Minister enters with a bag of fruits, roots, and leaves.*]

Let me offer you, sacred Brahmin, the choicest of these fruits, roots, and leaves; eat them, and appease your hunger.

NEKSHETRA.

Insane fellow! think you that I am a wild beast to fare on such things? No; I must have well-boiled rice, rich milk, and delicious honey. Go, fetch them, or I will punish you.

SANDRAMATI.

Holy man! why art thou so pitiless? Seest

thou not that we are helpless—in the midst of a great desert—far, far from any human habitation? Whence can we procure rice, or milk, or honey? Accept these things; be not indignant. Hast thou no heart, and art thou brotherless, or sisterless,[115] to treat us so harshly?

NEKSHETRA.

Away, away, hussy! Women are ever the pest of men. I want nothing—I die.

[*Falls asleep.* ARICHANDRA, *his family, and his Minister swoon away. They are awakened by the noise of water and thunder.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Ah! vile men! sinners! look what is before us! The skies are overcast; a storm rages; the clouds pour forth their contents in torrents: the flashes of lightning are terrific—the peals of distant thunder tremendous. Lo! the beasts flee in all directions. What an inundation![116] The river is swollen; the waters surge high, roll in immense waves, and carry everything before them. Corpses of wild men, beasts, and birds, caught by the trunks of trees, are washed away.

Ah me! Who dare cross this stream? Death impends. Save me, save me!

ARICHANDRA.

Reverend sir, let us take refuge on that hill; presently, when the storm ceases and the flood of waters abates, we will cross over.

[*They flee to the hills, wait for the fall of the river, and then wade through the waters*—ARICHANDRA *and* SATTYAKIRTI *bearing* NEKSHETRA, SANDRAMATI, *and* DEVADÀSA *on their shoulders.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Ah! happiness! we are at last here. Dunderhead! crack-brained Arichandra! why do you draw us all into these perils? Can you not tell even a single lie, and save us from the necessity of thus jeopardizing our valuable lives? After all, what is in a lie?

ARICHANDRA.

Pardon me, good sir. Let us hasten now. The day is waning.

[*They proceed, and night sets in.*]

SATTYAKIRTI.

My lord! the hour is late: the night is dark, and above not even the stars twinkle. It seems as if we had lost our way. But lo! we descry something afar. Lights glitter—noises are heard. Pause; what can this be?

[*Enter demons.*]

Sire, we have wandered into the habitation of goblins. There they approach us. How frightful they look! Who can face them? They come in battalions—young and old, small and great—all welcome us. They disport themselves with a wild dance; flames shoot from their mouths;[117] their feet touch not the earth; they move in the ether. Observe you the bleeding corpses of human beings in their hands? They crunch them and feed on the flesh. The place is one mass of gore and filth. Wolves and hyænas bark at them: jackals and dogs follow them.[118] They are near. May Siva protect us!

NEKSHETRA.

How dreadful! Arichandra, what is this? Look! evil demons stare at me—I tremble for my life. Protect me now, and I ask you no more for the gold.

ARICHANDRA.

Have no fear, Nekshetra. Come, place thyself in the midst of us.

[*He does so, and the Goblins see them, and leap about with joy.*]

THE CHIEF OF THE GOBLINS.

Men! little men! human vermin![119] intrude ye thus into my presence? Know that, save only the Brahmin standing in the midst of you, you all are my prey to-night.

ARICHANDRA.

Goblin! certainly thou art not an evil-doer, for thou hast excepted this holy Brahmin. As for ourselves, we know that the bodies, which begin to exist on the earth, must also cease to exist on it. What matters it when Death comes? If he spares us now, he reserves us only for another season. Good, kind demon! destroy us then together; here we await our doom.

NEKSHETRA.

[*In a tremor.*] Arichandra! Arichandra! before

you thus desert me, make the goblin promise you that he will not hurt me.

ARICHANDRA.

Thou hast no cause for alarm; thou art safe.

THE CHIEF OF THE GOBLINS.

Listen! I find that all four of you are very thin; it is not worth my while to kill you. On examining closely, I perceive that that young Brahmin is plump and fat as a wild boar. Give him up to me—I want not the rest.

NEKSHETRA.

[*Crying aloud in great fear.*] O Gods! O Arichandra! you are a great monarch! Have mercy on me! Save me, save me! I will never trouble you for the gold, but treat you most considerately hereafter.

ARICHANDRA.

Sir, thy life is safe—stand still.

NEKSHETRA.

Allow me, sirs, to come closer to you, and to

hold you by the hand. [*He grasps* ARICHANDRA'S *and* SATTYAKIRTI'S *hands.*]

ARICHANDRA.

King of the Goblins! I address thee in all sincerity: thou wilt confer on us a great favour indeed by despatching us speedily to the Judgment Hall [120] of the God of Death. The Brahmin must not be touched; devour us.

THE GOBLIN.

[*Grinding his teeth in great fury.*] What! dare you disobey me? Will you not deliver the Brahmin?

ARICHANDRA.

No; we cannot. We alone are thy victims.

[*Day breaks, and the goblins disappear.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Men! but for my presence, you all would have been slain long ago. Mighty is my power; see how the goblins have vanished, dreading me. [*Gets very angry.*] No more will I be trifled with. I must have the gold—I can forbear no

further. Advance not a step—not even an inch—without paying the money.

ARICHANDRA.

Extend some compassion to thy humble servants. Kàsi is not far from here; when I am once there the money shall be counted out into your hands. [*They proceed.*]

[WIS WÀMITRA *appears before* ARICHANDRA.]

ARICHANDRA.

I salute thee, royal sage! What brings thee hither? Have the inhabitants rebelled against thy rule? What commands dost thou give?

WIS WÀMITRA.

Away, dullard! I seek no counsel from you. I can no longer neglect my devotional duties to attend to the administration of your state. Go, therefore, and rule it yourself.

ARICHANDRA.

What I have done I cannot now undo: thou, O Sage! art the lawful sovereign of Ayòdiah.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Are you yet obstinate? Has experience produced no effect on your unruly mind? And must you ever groan under pain? No, Arichandra! be wise. Have pity on the poor girls who are perishing through love of you. Will you be the murderer of women? Wed them; or if this be disagreeable to you, I entreat you, tell a lie —but one lie—declare that you owe me no gold, and I will instantly reinstate you on your throne.

ARICHANDRA.

Sir, I can never consent to do evil. Pardon thy servant.

WIS WÀMITRA.

Madman! fancy you that there is some person awaiting you at Kàsi — to present you with a treasure?

[WIS WÀMITRA *rebukes* NEKSHETRA *for having been lenient towards his prisoners, orders him to be strict with them, and disappears, and anon the wilderness they have to pass through catches fire.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Ah! where is this to end? As debtors you suffer; but why must I, an innocent Brahmin, be exposed to these risks and hardships? Scarcely has one evil abated, when another appears. The whole forest is ablaze with fire. Are the elements also warring against you? A high wind blows the flame to the skies, and spreads it out in all directions. Yes, sirs, we are hemmed in—there is no egress. Arichandra! be you all consumed, but let me be saved.

ARICHANDRA.

The God of Fire will cease to afflict us, and this conflagration subside, should one of us be offered in sacrifice to him. As I am the most deserving of death, I shall be his victim. Minister, I entrust to your hands the safety of my family and of this Brahmin.

SATTYAKIRTI.

If thou survivest, O monarch! the world will prosper, all virtues flourish, and the debt due to Wis Wàmitra be paid. But I live to no purpose. Let me, therefore, I implore thee, die, and enjoy the merit of having saved my king.

ARICHANDRA.

No, Sattyakirti; live you, and be of help to my wife and child. Detain me not; grant me leave. Sandramati, Devadàsa, our companionship in this world ceases now. May the Gods protect you all! The flames are nigh; I must go.

SANDRAMATI (*holding him by the hand*).

King, thou knowest full well that the wife should not survive [121] her husband; for what is life worth to her, when he for whom she lived lives no longer? The love of wedded wives is indeed not the fleeting passion of giddy courtesans. Do not even the birds of the air perish with grief when once their partners are killed by the savage huntsmen? Sovereign, let me, thy worthless wife, be sacrificed.

DEVADÀSA.

Father! mother! since you have resolved to die, what is to become of me? Have I not been taught that the debt due from a child to its parents is beyond calculation? Let me die, and show myself duly grateful for all the affection with which I have been reared by you. Oh, let me be the victim!

SANDRAMATI.

My darling boy! where did you learn so much wisdom? Ah! child, has adversity been your tutor? But I did not rear you to be offered a victim to the God of Fire; no, live you: let your mother die.

NEKSHETRA.

Prisoners! slaves! thieves! are you then devising means to destroy me? Be open, declare it is so. Throw me into these flames, and save your own lives. Am I not generous?

SANDRAMATI.

No! Husband! impede me not. Child! let me go. [*Runs into the fire.*] Agni! I come to thee. O great God of Fire, spare me not—if I or my husband ever injured others or coveted their goods; if ever we despised the wise, the great, the good, the aged, or the poor; if ever we neglected our duties to our guests, our friends, or our relations; if ever we disdained our *guru*[35] or blasphemed the Gods; if ever we were unjust or inequitable—if ever cruel, or harsh, or false—spare me not. And if ever we were unfaithful

to each other, all-knowing deity, accept me as thy prey—burn me to ashes; but hurt not, I entreat thee, my lord, my child, or my friends.

[*Disappears.*]

DEVADÀSA.

Mother! mother! whither hast thou fled?

[*Runs after her into the flames, and disappears.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Sandramati! my love! hast thou forsaken me thus? But I too follow thee to the other world.

[*Rushes into the flames, and disappears.*]

SATTYAKIRTI.

Agni! I am also thy victim. O Gods! permit me to seek Arichandra whithersoever he be now gone. [*Disappears in the flames.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Rogues! have you then thus run away from my charge? But escape you cannot: here I come to capture you.

[*Goes through the fire, and finds, on the other side of the forest, the King, his family, and his friend standing unhurt, the fire having subsided.*]

Well! I have rescued you once more from peril. I can, however, no longer wait, nor idle away my time. Pay the gold, or perish of the tortures which I shall not hesitate to apply to you.

ARICHANDRA.

Condescend, sir, to grant me a little time. As we are already in Kàsi, the gold shall be soon delivered into thy hands.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The approach to Kàsi, and then Kàsi, its Temple, and Streets.

ARICHANDRA.

My love! lo! yonder rise the lofty walls that encircle the holiest[120] of the holy cities of the earth. See there its splendid turrets, its princely mansions, and its millions of pinnacles, whereon repose the clouds of heaven. Above them all tower the golden dome and the jewelled *goper*[122] of the renowned temple of *Vis Wanàth*,[123] with the banner of the Goddess of Charity streaming over it. Sandramati, salute the God of Gods. Adore this, his sacred shrine. As the winds

disperse the clouds, so even the mere sight of Kàsi cleanses men from the sins of this and previous births. By it roll the silvery wavelets of the divine Ganga, hemmed in between banks of golden sand, whereon the emerald-tinted *maruda*[124] and the javelin-leaved *vilva* trees grow in profusion. Soon the waters of this godly stream will sanctify our persons and purify our erring souls.

Ah! here we are near the gate. Troops of guardsmen are on duty, with brilliant sabres and iron-bound clubs firm in their hold. Let us go in. [*They enter, and walk through the streets.*] Even *Kuvera*,[125] the God of Wealth, has not a richer city. Look! these are the dwellings of the Brahmins. Loud rise the voices of the *pandits*[126] and students reciting the Vedas in the halls of learning. *Mantras*[127] are heard, oblations offered to the Gods, and sacrifices ceaselessly performed at the family hearths. Schools of philosophy flourish —here *Saraswati*,[128] the Goddess of Learning, has her votaries.—Proceed.[129] The twang of the bows and the clash of the swords bespeak the royal residences of the *Kshetryas*. There the martial youth obey the directions of their masters, and cultivate the arts of war. Pitted against each other, they try their valour and test their skill

in archery. Showers of arrows counteract showers of arrows—dart meeting dart. Behold the bow-string of one is now cut; anon it is replaced, and a cruel barb careers from it as fast as lightning, and rends in twain the stem and string of the rival bow. The vanquished youth shakes his head, tramples the ground, and shouts forth in fury, like an untamed bull of the fields; then suddenly he seizes a stronger bow, aims a steadier arrow, and strips the late victor of his bow and quiver. The war is resumed. But look again. Two young warriors there challenge each other, and fence with scimitars. Soon they are lost in the rapidity of their evolutions—their swords seem but a gleam of light, and their persons are seen but as one. They are tired and rest, whilst two youths again leap out into the arena, and grapple each other in a hand-to-hand fight. Locked in a mutual grasp, they fall—they rise—they fall—they stand again. They run apart awhile—they clap [130] their shoulders—roar with the voice of the lion—rush in—and rage in fight again. Some learn to ride the horse—others to mount the elephant—many to drive the chariot.

Here we approach the precincts of the wealthy mansions of the merchants — the *Vaisyas*. [131]

Their shops and stalls extend in endless rows. The produce of all lands and the wealth of all cities are exposed there. Money-changers are busy, and the constant clink of the great heaps of gold and silver coin that are counted out makes its metallic chorus heard even amidst the din and commotion caused by the numberless buyers and sellers. We now come amidst the humble homes of the *Shudras*—the labouring class. They are busy in the fields—some irrigate their lands, others drive teams of oxen and plough the ground, while others again are engaged in sowing the grain. Cowherds are tending the cattle—their shrill pipes, resounding with a pathetic melody, draw together the cows and calves scattered in every direction. — Ah! here we are in front of the shrine of Vis Wanàth.

SANDRAMATI.

Let us enter, and pray.

[*They enter the temple and pray.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Great Vis Wanàth! mercy, mercy to us, thy humble servants! Heavily crushed by misfortunes; having lost our kingdom, and undergone

great sufferings, we repair to this city to earn some gold and pay our debts. Show us the way—help us, O comforter of the weak! Help us, O curer of all evils!

NEKSHETRA.

What are you about, fool? How much longer am I to wait? Will you deliver the gold, or say that you do not owe it? Am I thus to be starved to death on your account?

ARICHANDRA.

Sir, I owe the gold, and will give it to you. Let us rest under the portico of this temple, for only a few seconds, to recover from the fatigues of our long journey; presently I will go to beg of some wealthy citizen of Kàsi to commiserate our wretched condition, and pay the gold we owe Wis Wàmitra.

NEKSHETRA.

Am I to be imposed upon for ever? No, sir, this will not do. Deliver the gold immediately, or say no. Else I will treat you to some of the sweet things I have in store for you. No deception! I cannot endure this delay any longer. You are already in Kàsi; yet you refuse to give the

money. Now, thief, first bend your back; how like you this spine-bender.[132]

[*Puts on that instrument of torture, which causes* ARICHANDRA *to bend his spine down very painfully.*]

ARICHANDRA.

[*In great agony.*] Spare me, spare me. I have not refused to give the gold. O God! who dwellest in this temple, protect thy humble votary.

[*Sits down on the floor.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Of what use can be any appeal to this deity, when you have so adroitly defrauded us of our gold? Shame on you, liar! cheat! Pay up the money. Pay!

ARICHANDRA.

I am anxious to pay; only relieve me from this agony. Thus situated, how can I procure the money?

NEKSHETRA.

Fellow, are you impertinent? Come, I will

remove the stricture from your back and straighten it a little. [*Removes the spine-bender, makes him stand, and ties his neck up tightly to a low roof.*] Now, you shall remain in that posture till the gold is forthcoming—till sage Wis Wàmitra is satisfied.

ARICHANDRA.

[*Standing with his head close to the roof, unable to move it in any direction.*] O Brahma! why didst thou create me? What have I done to merit all these tortures?

NEKSHETRA.

Well, Arichandra, have you not now told a lie? You promised me at first never to grumble at my treatment; yet you are murmuring.

ARICHANDRA.

No; I only appealed to the deities.

NEKSHETRA.

Is it so? Very well. Try this. [*Applies the instrument of torture called kiddy*[105] *to* ARICHANDRA'S

fingers, whereby they are pressed together closely.] Bear it also patiently, if you please.

SANDRAMATI.

[*Weeping and in great anguish.*] O Brahmin! is thy heart made of adamant? Why dost thou oppress us thus? Relieve my husband, I entreat thee, and substitute me in his place. I will cheerfully endure the pain inflicted by all your instruments of torture, rather than see him suffer.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Dost thou think it magnanimous, O Nekshetra! to treat so cowardly a King who is brave as a lion in the battle-field? When thus detained by thee here, how is it possible for us to earn the gold which we owe thee?

NEKSHETRA.

Fool! Yes, it is true your King is a hero; hence it is that I have twined a flower-garland around his neck [*pointing to the rope with which he was tied to the roof*], and put a signet on his finger [*pointing to the kiddy*]. Now, he shall have something more. He has not had his face shaved during his travels;

and, as it also befits a hero to look smart, I will become his barber—even his menial. Can I be more considerate of royalty? Answer.

[*Applies pincers, and pulls out the hair of* ARICHANDRA'S *moustache and whiskers.*]

ARICHANDRA.

What hast thou in reserve? I submit to all thy cruelties. Be expeditious, pray. Take my life, if thou wilt. [*Weeps.*] What greater punishment could the tyrants of this wicked world glory in inflicting on their victims beyond depriving them of life? Slay me.

NEKSHETRA.

Dullard! when you were in prosperity, you boasted, saying that you would do this and that; in adversity you find it inconvenient to fulfil your engagements. Who is to blame for this? If you will all thus weep together, create a disturbance, and frighten me away, there is no help for it—we must lose the money. But, obstinate wretch! why do you not tell a lie, and save yourself from all this misery?

ARICHANDRA.

Messenger, I suffer for my sins; I wish not

to heap sin upon sin. Though, therefore, you grind my body to the consistency of pulp, and squeeze all the blood out of it, yet you shall not succeed in forcing a false statement from my lips. Go on, torture me in any way you like. I value not life more than truth.

[NEKSHETRA *applies all the instruments of torture with greater severity, and* ARICHANDRA *again appeals to the Gods.*]

SANDRAMATI.

Brahmin! spare my husband, spare him, and persecute me in his stead. [*Addressing* ARICHANDRA.] Monarch, faint not—revive—have courage—sell me into slavery and pay this debt.

ARICHANDRA.

O Sandramati! who art dearer to me than even the pupils of my own eyes, didst thou think that I could exist separated from thee? Wert thou so cruel as to fancy that I could have the boldness to disgrace my own wife?

SANDRAMATI.

Truth is everlasting, and life a bubble, a lie,

a juggle. I beg thee—I implore thee; hesitate not. I am a worthless being—sell me and my child; pay thy debt, and fulfil thy promise. Live happily with thy faithful minister, Sattyakirti. There is no other means of escape from the wrath of the dire sage. Sell me, husband; am I not thy slave?

NEKSHETRA.

Arichandra! Arichandra! how much longer am I to stand here, and await your pleasure? Is it my lot to go even without food or drink for your sake? Declare, man, will you or will you not give the gold?

[*Applies the instruments of torture with greater force.*]

ARICHANDRA.

[*Weeping.*] Pray forgive me, sir — forgive. I purpose to sell my wife and child to pay Wis Wàmitra's debt before the sun sets this day.

NEKSHETRA.

Wise man! Do you think it more honourable to sell your wife and child than to tell a lie?

ARICHANDRA.

Question me not thus, holy Brahmin! But secure only the payment of your money.

NEKSHETRA.

Do as you will; only let me have the money.

[*Relieves him from the tortures, and they all walk again along the streets of Kàsi, offering* SANDRAMATI *and her child for sale.*]

SANDRAMATI.

My lord! delay not. Act as our salesman; here we wait to be disposed of.

ARICHANDRA.

Is there, then, my dear wife, no other way of avoiding this awful alternative? Must you and my son be sold as slaves to restore me to liberty? [*Weeps.*] Ah! has it come to this?—My beloved Sandramati, I place on your head and on that of Devadàsa some pieces of straw;[135] walk on—this will indicate to the world that you are led out for sale.

[*Places pieces of straw on their heads, and shouts out.*]

Wealthy citizens of Kàsi! I offer my wife and child for sale. Deign, good sirs, to buy them, and pay the debt which I owe to sage Wis Wàmitra. They are free from all faults and will willingly serve you. It matters not who are their purchasers—Brahmins or Pariahs? [*A crowd gathers.*] Inquire you who I am? Know, then, I am the worst of all the sinners this world contains—through my misdeeds I have lost a kingdom, and am now about to lose even my wife and child. Benevolent men! pity me, and buy my wife and child.

NEKSHETRA.

Why are you, crazy fellow, dragging these poor creatures from street to street, and from lane to lane? Know you not if they were saleable articles, they would have fetched a price in their own country? Of what use can these wretches be to any man? Arichandra, toil not in vain; cease to be foolhardy—yield to reason—tell a lie and be saved.

ARICHANDRA.

Pray, sir, torment me not thus. Your cruel words impart a hundredfold intensity to the

tortures you inflict, even as pouring oil on flames causes them to rage higher and higher. I cannot disregard virtue—can never utter a falsehood. Presently your gold shall be delivered.

NEKSHETRA.

If you respect not my advice, it is no fault of mine; act as you wish, but I cannot continue to promenade with you any farther. Stay there, man; stir not—sell or kill your wife and child, but pay me the money. Imagine you that our money bears no interest?

ARICHANDRA.

Good men of this holy city! hearken to my prayers! I offer my wife and child for sale; buy them, I beg you. Have mercy on us.

[*Enter* KALAKANDA, *an aged Brahmin.*]

KALAKANDA.

Halloa! what is this noise? Who is it that has been imploring us to purchase a cow and a calf? [ARICHANDRA *goes before him.*] Was it you, man? What have you to sell? Let me see them.

ARICHANDRA.

What I have to sell are these human beings—a mother and her child. Kind sir, purchase them; you will thereby perform an act of charity.

KALAKANDA.

What! are you speaking seriously? Have I made money, scraping it together little by little, to throw it away on this wretched woman and wan child? How dare you attempt to deceive me, an old man? [*Meditates for a while.*] Well, suppose I buy them, will they serve me cheerfully? And at what price will you sell them? If you do not ask much, I may perhaps buy them, to assist you.

ARICHANDRA.

Student of the Vedas! I owe a heavy debt to sage Wis Wàmitra, even a mound of gold as high as the missile hurled from a sling by a man standing on the back of an elephant would ascend. If you will consent to give this to his messenger, Nekshetra, who retains us now in his custody, this woman and boy shall become your slaves.

KALAKANDA.

Indeed, they are not worth so much gold; yet, to relieve you, I will buy them. Should I undertake to pay your debt to Nekshetra, will that be a sufficient satisfaction? will you then deliver this woman and boy to me, and enter into a pledge that they will be faithful and diligent servants?

ARICHANDRA.

I will be content with that: and this woman and boy will become your menials, ever ready to obey your instructions.

KALAKANDA.

Messenger Nekshetra! what say you? Will you agree to receive payment from me?

NEKSHETRA.

Yes, sir; I consider your undertaking to pay the debt as good as my receiving ready money. Lead this woman and boy away; they are your property.

KALAKANDA.

Well, Arichandra! write the bond of sale and deliver it to me.

ARICHANDRA.

Here it is. [*Writes one.*]

KALAKANDA.

I am purblind, and cannot read it. Recite aloud what you have written.

ARICHANDRA (*reads*).

"I, Arichandra, the son of Trisanku, once a King of the Solar dynasty, have, through necessity, sold this day, in bondage to the reverend Brahmin Kalakanda of Kàsi, my wife Sandramati, and my child Devadàsa, as witnessed by the Messenger Nekshetra and the Minister Sattyakirti."

The bond is here, holy Brahmin; take it, and my wife and child will accompany you. [*Weeps.*]

SANDRAMATI (*sobbing*).

Alas! alas! Cruel Destiny! Is this, then, the end of our wedded happiness? Did the Monarch

of Ayòdiah seek me at my father's court and win me there, to be thus cruelly torn from him? When, O blind gods! shall we be united again? When, O my darling husband! shall I see your face again?

DEVADÀSA.

Father! father! go not from me!

[*Clings to* ARICHANDRA.]

ARICHANDRA.

O Vis Wànath! guardian deity of this sacred city! the sciences declare that men are joined in matrimony with women, in order that their happiness may increase and their issue be of assistance to them when they are infirm or old. But, O sweet-tempered Sandramati! I married thee only in order to sell thee as a slave; O Devadàsa! I begat thee only in order to sell thee as a slave-boy! Thus terminates the illustrious Solar race! Oh! how much better it were that I had never existed—or, existing, had never wedded thee, my love! (*Weeps.*) My wife! my wife! in what future births shall we be reunited?

SATTYAKIRTI.

Most noble King! succumb you then to misfortune? Is this, after all, the fruit of your knowledge and wisdom? Oh, no! Forget not that Truth is more precious than all earthly happiness—that it must be maintained anyhow, at the risk of life, even in the face of Death himself. Sire, by far easier is it to count the number of the sands which cover the shores whence rebound the mighty waves of the Ocean, or to ascertain the number of the atoms which constitute *Meru*, the loftiest mountain of the universe, than to enumerate the number of the births[134] which our sins have already necessitated, and which we shall yet be compelled to pass through before final rest awaits us. Poor souls! we are tossed hither and thither, washed by the waves of Destiny from world to world, sphere to sphere, age to age, bounding from death to life, and from life rebounding to death; children once—fathers again—a husband now—a wife anon—now a king—now a slave—now a man—now a beast—till our merits and demerits are cancelled off—till the heavenly *Sàyuochya*[135] welcomes us to eternal bliss. Foolish man clings to this earth, and cries

out, "Oh, this is my land, this my field, this my home—who dare take it from me? How can I part with it?" Knows he how many worlds have already owned him and disown him now? He hugs his wife closely, and proclaims, "Oh, this is my partner, this my love! who dare remove her from me? How can I exist separated from her?" Know you how many thousands of women have called themselves your wives, and how many millions of children have cried out to you, "Father! father?" When such is life, why weep you? Battle with Fate itself. What must be done will be done. Grieve not because evils beset you and unhappiness is your lot; but grasp the sword of wisdom, demolish the wild phantasies of the wicked mind, then mount the winged horse of reason, scale the heights of knowledge, and learn that where happiness is, there also unhappiness must necessarily be.[136] Seek the one and you seek the other as well; for pleasure ever ends in pain, whilst pain ever leads to pleasure. Such is the common lot of humanity.

Give leave, O King Arichandra! to your wife and child—let them go. I shall be your never-failing companion.

KALAKANDA.

Well, men, why are you disputing so boisterously? When a horse is sold, does it not become the property of the purchaser? Its seller may, if he so choose, become its grass-cutter.[137] What other right can he have to be hovering about it? Come,—I cannot tolerate this. Woman! boy! follow me.

[*Forces* SANDRAMATI *and her son from* ARICHANDRA'S *hold, and drives them before him. Exeunt.*]

SATTYAKIRTI.

Messenger Nekshetra! grant us leave to go.

NEKSHETRA.

What! Think you there remains nothing more? Arichandra! I have undergone great hardships in taking care of you—is it fair that I should go without my wages?

ARICHANDRA.

Well, Nekshetra! how much more do I owe

NEKSHETRA.

I claim not much; ten thousand pieces of gold will content me.

ARICHANDRA.

Thou shalt be given that. Sattyakirti! the heavy rain has now ceased, but a slight drizzle yet falls. I possess no gold—all that I own now is myself. Sell me as a slave, and pay Nekshetra.

SATTYAKIRTI.

I should lose the very power of speech, if I attempted to commit so great a sin, and proclaimed myself as the seller of my king. No; sell me, great monarch! and pay this messenger his due. To what purpose do servants like me exist, if they are to be of no use to their masters in time of need?

ARICHANDRA.

Let each suffer for his own misdeeds; I implore thee, minister, dispose of me at once.

NEKSHETRA.

Sattyakirti! why can you not advise that fool to behave like a sensible man? Ask him of what avail is Truth? Does he imagine that to be thus fanatic is the way to reach heaven? Has Truth saved him from any of his afflictions? Has it prevented his separation from his wife and only child? And is it not Truth that now coerces him to sell himself as a bondman? Alas! what a cruel demon that Truth must be! A truce to Truth. He has been worshipped from the first—he has shown himself a perfect cheat. Come, numskull, offer even now—at this last moment—your prayers to the Goddess of Lies, and propitiate her favour. She waits to bless you—to shower on you all benedictions. Man! vacillate not; come near me, utter only within my hearing a single falsehood—a little lie—and you shall be restored to your wife, to your child, to your kingdom, and to your people.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Stay, sir! stay! Speak not thus. I was once loth to sell my king, but I have resolved to do so now—he were better a slave than a liar.

ARICHANDRA.

Waste not words, Sattyakirti, on that worthy man. Place a straw on my head, and expose me for sale. [SATTYAKIRTI *does so.*]

SATTYAKIRTI (*crying out*).

Inhabitants of Kàsi! run in here, run! Give up your meals, cease to allay even your thirst, and run in here; for such a sight as this you can seldom witness—so great a prize as I have to offer, you can never win. [*A crowd gathers.*] In this mortal behold a fallen king! in him behold the changes which unrelenting Fate has wrought! in him behold the victim of Wis Wàmitra! in him behold the man who has sold his wife and child to pay a debt! in him behold the slave now exposed for sale! Rather than contravene the dictates of Virtue, he condescends to be a menial. Admire his constancy; pity his forlorn condition; become the owner of a royal slave. I am his ungrateful minister—fattened on his bounty—glorying in his misfortunes—unwilling to help him—acting only as his auctioneer.

Kind sirs, be charitable; pay ten thousand pieces of gold, and purchase this king.

[*Enter a Pariah of the name of* VERAVAKOO, *the burner*[138] *of the corpses in the cemetery of Kàsi.*]

VERAVAKOO (*speaking loudly, and tossing his head aloft*).

Yes! I am Veravakoo, the first of Pariahs! I am a Pariah—but what of that? Did not Vasitta[139] marry a Pariah woman? Did not even *Scanda*, the God of War, marry a Pariah maid? Who is the great *Tiruwallever*?[140] Is he not a Pariah? Yes; I feed on the flesh of bulls, but what does that matter? Brahmins may despise me, kings may hoot me, merchants may think themselves polluted by my touch, *shudras* may avoid me; but one and all come to me at last. I am their last friend in this world—aye, their last enemy too! When I burn them, I know how to wreak my vengeance on these proud men. The mightiest of monarchs are at my mercy, the fairest of females require my services. Yes, yes! I am the lord of all creation! But—halloa! what is this—whence proceeds the noise? [*Sees* ARICHANDRA, *&c.*]

My lords, I am a Pariah! My lords, may I make bold to offer to purchase this lord?

ARICHANDRA.

The wealthy of even the lowest castes must be respected; for if the Goddess of Prosperity disregard them not, why should we men despise them? Let me be sold to this man without delay.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Is, then, a king to become the slave of a Pariah? Yet be it so, for the great are great even in adversity—burn the *white* conch, and still it produces but *white* ashes. The lustrous pearl lies imbedded only in the slimy oyster.

VERAVAKOO.

My lords! my lords! I pray, pardon me, if I have in any way offended your lordships!

ARICHANDRA.

No, worthy sir; you are our friend. Pay ten thousand pieces of gold to this Messenger Nekshetra, and I shall become your menial.

VERAVAKOO.

If your lordship would deign to obey mine and my wife's orders faithfully, I would do so.

ARICHANDRA.

I bind myself to give you every satisfaction. Sattyakirti! write without delay the bond of sale.

[SATTYAKIRTI *writes, reads, and then delivers it to* VERAVAKOO.]

SATTYAKIRTI.

Veravakoo! pay the money to that messenger.

VERAVAKOO (*producing an earthen pot*[141]).

Here, my lord, this vessel contains the money, which I have acquired as fees for burning corpses. Pollute not your lordship's fingers with it: I pour the gold out. [*Does so.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Vile fellow! talk not thus! Gold is gold, whencesoever it comes. The coins obtained as the price for a dog do not bark, nor does the money paid for the purchase of flowers emit perfume.

VERAVAKOO.

May the lord who has not been sold, pardon me, his slave. May the lord who has been sold, carry the bundle of ox-hides lying there on his lordship's head, and follow me to the quarter of the Pariahs. [ARICHANDRA *does so.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Arichandra! I give you even now a chance. Tell a lie, and be saved! Do so, and you shall become the ruler of a greater State than ever king governed!

ARICHANDRA.

Enough, sir, enough! I salute thee.

[*Walks on.*]

NEKSHETRA.

Yet a word, ere we part. Mighty sovereign! listen. Neither in the worlds above nor in those below have I ever known or heard of a king more regardful of truth and virtue than thyself. Let all blessings attend thee. Blame me not, Arichandra! I was only the tool of another. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Hamlet of the Pariahs, near Kàsi; and the Cemetery of Kàsi.

VERAVAKOO'S WIFE.

Veravakoo! my husband, have you arrived at last? What has detained you so long? Is it that you have become so fond of your young wife at the other end of the village as to neglect your duties and to be always at her home? Chief of the Pariahs! have you removed the corpse of the calf which died last night in the Brahmin's house? Why, man, know you not that the inhabitants of the sacred city can neither take any meal, nor taste even water, till that object of pollution[142] is carried beyond the gates? Whom have you left in charge of the cemetery? And where is the money which you have earned to-day? [*Sees* ARICHANDRA.] Ah! who is this lord? What brings him into these profane lanes?

VERAVAKOO.

Hussy! wife! cease annoying me thus, and let there be an end to your chattering. I have

attended to all my work, and out of my great love towards you, I have brought this man as a servant to work under your orders.

THE WIFE.

Old man! where, then, is the hide of the dead calf? Have you left it in your young wife's house? Unless you instantly hand it to me, I declare I will kill you. Fool! why did you throw your money away on this lordly-looking being, who is hardly able to walk, much less to work? I want him not. Take him away—away! Disgrace not my family by the introduction of a new-comer. Did I marry you to be thus ruined? Did I make money to be thus wasted? Blockhead! we were once reputed to be rich, but you have made us beggars. Approach me, and I will strike you down with this broom-stick.

[*Raves and dances about.*]

VERAVAKOO.

My wife! my first love! fear not; I have not neglected you. How can I forget that enchanting face of yours? Are you not prettier than even a she-devil? I have the hide here; I have also brought the flesh of the corpse; it will form

nice eating for us and our friends. Here are the bones—preserve them. [*Produces them.*] I swear that I have not been to my new wife's to-day.

THE WIFE (*running up to* VERAVAKOO, *and embracing him*).

Ah! is it so?—you are a good boy. Come, eat your food, and take a little rest. [*Looks again at* ARICHANDRA.] Oh!—oh! this lord frightens me! He is not a Pariah. He must not be here. I can do nothing with him. Remove him hence—remove him at once!

ARICHANDRA.

Madam! I am thy servant, and will diligently obey thy orders.

VERAVAKOO.

Wife! be not timid. This fellow is no longer our lord, but our slave. If you decline to employ him at home, I can find work for him in the cemetery grounds.

Arichandra! hasten hence to yonder hill; below it lies the place where the corpses are burnt.

Your business hereafter is to receive them into the grounds and burn them, duly securing the fees paid you by the people. These consist of some rice, a cubit's length of cloth, and a copper coin. Bring them all carefully over here: take no portion of them for yourself. Be mindful to discharge your duties diligently. If any complaint arise, I shall castigate you severely.

ARICHANDRA.

I obey, my lord. As thou hast ordered me to deliver at thy house all the fees, may I beg to know what means thou wouldst suggest for allaying the cravings of my hunger?—How am I, thy slave, to live?

VERAVAKOO.

Yes; you must surely have something to eat. I give you permission, Arichandra, to appropriate for your meals the rice with which the corpses' mouths[143] are filled.

ARICHANDRA.

Master! I await thy pleasure—I go. [*Leaves the house of* VERAVAKOO, *and reaches the cemetery*

grounds.] Here I am already in the burning-grounds; let me construct a small hut to shelter me from the rain and the night dew.

[*Enter Minister* SATTYAKIRTI, *weeping.*]

SATTYAKIRTI.

I have traversed all the streets of this great city; I have inquired of every person, and yet there is no clue for finding him. Nowhere is he to be seen. What am I to do now? My King! whither hast thou fled? I observe an inclosure here—I will go in. [*Entering it, discovers* ARICHANDRA.] Monarch! is this, then, the last freak of cruel Destiny? The King of Kings now the slave of a slave!—the ruler of living men now the burner of dead bodies!

[*Falls down and weeps.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Friend! why come you hither also? Return—return to Ayòdiah, and live there in all happiness with your family. Verily, you have suffered much for your unwearied attachment to me. I pray you, delay not—go back to your house: it is time that you should think of your children and

relations. I am the sinner, not you, Sattyakirti! Those who sowed the seed, even they must reap the fruit—not others.

SATTYAKIRTI.

Sire! be not so cruel; deal not with me as with a stranger. No, my lord, I cannot—I will not leave thee. Let us both pass our lives together in this one spot, under this one humble shed till death separate us. Mine be the duty of relieving thee from the work which has been assigned to thee by Veravakoo. Permit me to become thy menial, and dress thy meals.

ARICHANDRA.

If my words are inefficient to persuade you to return home, what can I do beyond begging you to stay, to share my hut, and to fare on the few grains of rice which have been allotted me by my kind patron?

SCENE III.

Kàsi.—The Brahmin Kalakanda's House.

KALAKANDI (*the wife of* KALAKANDA).

My beloved husband! I have been longing for your return.—But, ha! what is this? Whence come the cow and the calf behind you? Who presented them to you?

KALAKANDA.

Ah! my darling wife! I purchased and brought them hither in order that they might assist you in your household duties. The woman's name is Santi, the boy's Dàsa.

KALAKANDI.

I did not ask you to bring these *Shudras* into my house. Of what use can they be? You have not only squandered your money in buying them, but you will also have to waste it in providing their meals and clothing.

SANDRAMATI.

Holy matron! I am ready to perform any work thou assignest to me, thy humble slave.

KALAKANDI.

Well, Santi! you appear to be an obedient girl; know, then, what I wish you to do daily in my house. You must rise at the third watch of the night, sweep well the house and the adjoining enclosures and sprinkle the floor with saffron [144] water. This done, you must next go to the stall of the cattle, cleanse the place of all dirt, draw milk from our cows, and bring it home early. Before the day breaks, the brass utensils should be polished, and every preparation made for my husband to offer his morning oblations to the Gods. After this, my slave, your task will be to pound ten *kalams*[145] of rice, removing carefully the husk from the grain, and attend to the cooking of our meals.

SANDRAMATI.

Madam, I obey. I shall execute with my hands the directions which you make to me with your feet.

KALAKANDA.

Dàsa, as your mother has her duties apportioned to her by your mistress, so I must tell you what I expect of you. Your work, boy, consists in tending the cattle and in collecting flowers, leaves, and *kusa-grass*[146] for the performance of my *pujah*.[147] Go now, little fellow, and look after those young calves till you are summoned here.

DEVADÀSA.

Be it so, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter a group of Brahmin boys, amongst them three leading boys, SESHA, COOPA, *and* SUPA.

SESHA.

Brother Coopa, do you know the way to the forest, where we are to gather the sacred leaves and the *kusa-grass?* Some of our friends have not come to-day; what keeps them away? Here we are opposite Kalakanda's house; let us go in and ask his termagant wife whether she will accompany us to the forest. You are aware that the cruel Brahmin is not blessed with children, and is obliged to send his wife to collect the leaves.

She has often shown us the tortuous path which leads to the spot where the *kusa* grows in profusion and the sacred foliage abounds. (*They enter.*) Reverend Kalakanda! may we ask, sir, who goes with us to the forest to-day, thou or thy wife?

KALAKANDA.

Villanous boys! What! have you the impudence to command the services of my wife? Fellows! I have a little slave; he shall go with you—not my sweet wife.

THE BOYS.

Pardon us, sir; we have never seen him. Who is he? where is he? Let him go with us.

KALAKANDA.

Slave-girl Santi! order the slave-boy who is now busy looking after the cattle to accompany these youngsters to the forest to fetch *kusa-grass* and sacred leaves.

SANDRAMATI.

My little child, Devadàsa, is, my lord, scarcely weaned; it would be, therefore, exceedingly cruel,

master, to send him to the forest, where savage beasts and evil spirits roam. Pity him, I implore thee! and let me go for the *kusa*.

KALAKANDA.

That is no concern of yours, slave-girl. True, I have paid too much gold for the sickly urchin; if he be lost it is I who will be damaged, not you. He must work, be he a child of the nobles or a son of the kings: despatch him at once, before these boys depart. [*Exit.*]

SANDRAMATI.

How can I displease thee, my lord? I receive thy commands on my head. (*Weeps, and calls in* DEVADÀSA.) My darling child! unrelenting Destiny compels you, an infant, to proceed on an errand to the forest: accompany thither these your young friends, and return in safety.

DEVADÀSA.

Mother! weep not. I have learnt that it is good to serve the sacred Brahmins: therefore give me leave; I shall be back soon.

SANDRAMATI.

Oh! heart-rending thought! Am I thus to expose this child to danger? My sweet boy, come here. Bear in mind my counsel; forget not what you hear from me, your mother. Keep to the path which these young Brahmins take; loiter not, I pray, behind them, nor fall into the cross roads and lose your way. Demean yourself humbly before your companions, readily comply with their orders, be guided by their counsel. Should they ill-treat you, heed it not, nor think of retaliating on them. Destroy not the young shoots[148] of tender plants, nor attempt to climb trees which glisten with fruits or flowers. Fancy not, my child, that the wild beasts which lie motionless along your path are dead, nor throw any stones at them, for if you rouse their anger they will spring on you. Attracted by the noise emanating from ant-hills, the boys may, perchance, run near them; but follow them not. Those, my darling, are the abodes of venomous reptiles. Take due care of yourself; be expeditious, and return hither before it grows dark. Give no cause for grief to your mother. I pray, O Gods! protect this only child of mine!—I pray to you, let your

merciful eyes watch over this little babe, in whom my life itself is now centred! Go then, Devadàsa, go!

DEVADÀSA.

Mother! banish all anxiety from thy mind. Ere long, I shall return and quiet thy fears.

THE BOYS.

We cannot tarry any longer. On, on! for look! the charioteer of the God of Day is pressing his horses towards the western hills, and night will set in presently.

SANDRAMATI.

My young masters! I entrust to your kind charge this child, and beg that you will take care of him and restore him to me unhurt. He is my only child—my only friend—my only treasure—my last hope. [*Sobs.*]

THE BOYS.

Oh madam! grieve not! We will treat the boy as one of us, apportion to him some of our own collection of leaves and grass, and lead him back hither in safety. (*Aside.*) How piteous this woman looks! What a charming little fellow is the *Shudra* boy!

KALAKANDA (*coming out of the house*).

Well, Santi! have you fallen in love with these young men? Why have you neglected your duties? Is the little slave gone? What! is he yet here?

[*Runs up to* DEVADÀSA, *and drives him, with the boys, to the forest, sending* SANDRAMATI *into the house.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest adjoining Kàsi.

SESHA.

Companions! we have travelled far into the wilderness. It is late; let us be quick in cutting the *kusa* and in gathering the leaves. Let each of us give some share of his collection to this youngster. [*They do so.*]

DEVADÀSA.

My kind friends! your attention to me is great, and I have already received from you a goodly supply of the sacred leaves; yet I have

not enough of the *kusa-grass*. I descry on yonder mound a luxuriant growth of it: permit me to run thither to fetch some more.

COOPA.

Little boy! what you have is ample; we must flee home now. Take, my friends! take the bundles in your hands, for when it grows a little darker we shall certainly miss our path and be lost in the wilds. This fellow persists in having some more of the *kusa*. Well, we can wait only a few seconds: go, Dàsa, and return with the grass instantly.

[DEVADÀSA *runs up to the mound, and, as he cuts the kusa, a snake, issuing from a hole there, bites him.*]

DEVADÀSA (*crying out*).

Hari! hari! My friends! my friends! Come hither! come hither!

COOPA.

Ah! what is that fellow crying for? what evil has befallen the poor child? Let us go and see.

[*They arrive at the spot, and find* DEVADÀSA *lying on the ground.*]

DEVADÀSA.

Friends, who tended me, even as affectionately as the tutelary deities of my family, hear me! A dark-coloured serpent creeping out of that hole has stung my right foot with his pointed fangs. Ah! I feel the pain increases—the poison is spreading fast through me. Comrades! who will help me?

THE BOYS (*sitting around him and weeping*).

Oh! Siva! what a wonder is this! Did we escort this child hither to be offered a victim to the Spirits of the woods? Wicked snake! why hast thou disappeared? Return—restore the life of this innocent babe! Draw [149] the poison out of his frame, wherein thy cruel fangs have infused it. What is in the power of us ignorant boys? We know of no antidote against thy venom. We conjure thee, O serpent! come out, show thyself!

DEVADÀSA.

Ah! I feel my chest oppressed with heaviness — my arms and legs ache as if their bones were being broken with a hatchet—my head reels, my eyes see not, my ears hear not. It

is all over with me now. Kind friends! before I die, I crave one favour of you: when you return to the city, go, I pray, inform that good mother of mine, who is longing impatiently for my return, of my end. Tell her to be consoled — not to sorrow for an unworthy child. Brahmins! tell her that I embrace the feet of my God Siva, and escape the woes of this world!

SESHA.

The poor fellow is mute—now he mumbles in a low voice: "Siva! Siva!" He is silent again. The spark of life is yet not quite extinguished. I perceive he breathes slowly. But that, too, fails; the body is motionless and still. Friends! Dàsa is dead! Come, examine him, Coopa.

THE BOYS (*yet weeping*).

Yes! his soul sped its way upwards while our eyes were on him! What beautiful lineaments that princely countenance exhibits! Who that beholds such a sweet face, who that has heard but awhile ago his melodious voice, would venture to hurt him? Ought not even the devils to become his guardians?

COOPA.

My comrades! why weep we in vain? It is not in our power to restore life to him, nor can we carry his corpse into the city. Let us hasten hence and tell his mother of his death. Were we to stay any longer, I dread that we ourselves might become the easy prey of the beasts that roam here during the night. If we, strangers to him, are affected with so much grief, ah, me! how great will be the anguish of his fair parent when she hears of the untimely death of her only child!

[*They return.*]

SCENE V.

Kalakanda's House.

SANDRAMATI (*standing in the street-door, waiting for* DEVADÀSA'S *return*).

It is late and dark; yet the boys have not returned. I wot not what cruelties Wis Wàmitra may yet perpetrate—what evils he may even now bring on us. I feel a pain in my breast,—

a tremor creeps over me; there are bad omens about. Oh! what can have happened to Devadàsa! (*Sees the boys coming, her child not among them.*) Young sirs! where is my son? Why has he not come with you? Did you forget my entreaties, and leave him behind you? Answer! I pray you all.

THE BOYS.

Pardon us, madam! your son disregarded our advice, and left us to cut the *kusa-grass*, and was killed by a snake concealed in a bush.

SANDRAMATI (*falls down, faints away, and gradually returns to consciousness*).

Devadàsa! hast thou, then, forsaken me and fled to the world above? Didst thou forget my warning? hast thou no affection for me? Tell me, young Brahmins, where my child is lying! Direct my path, I implore you, to the spot!

THE BOYS.

Madam! as you proceed to the forest, you will find a large *ala*-tree;[150] go thence in a southerly

direction; a narrow path will lead you to the rising ground, whereon rests the corpse of Dàsa hidden by a thick bush of *kusa-grass*. We take leave of you—we have been sorely harassed this day, and can no longer endure this agonizing spectacle. [*Exeunt.*]

KALAKANDA (*rushing out of the house*).

Well, young vixen! why loiter you in the highway? Expect you any of your gallants?

SANDRAMATI.

My son, sir, whom you so mercilessly sent to the forest, is dead, bitten by a snake! The Brahmin boys came to tell me of his untimely end. I crave permission to go in search of him.

KALAKANDA.

Ah! is it so? is my money then lost? Wretched beings! why was I ever induced to purchase you? I am a poor Brahmin, and am now totally ruined. It is enough—the boy is lost; but I am not so mad as to expose you also to danger; go, attend to your work. I much fear that you

purpose to run away by practising a deception on me, an old man.

SANDRAMATI.

Such an order ill befits a reverend Brahmin, my lord! I require but a few hours to search for the corpse, and to see the customary rites performed. I swear by the Gods that I will faithfully return before the day breaks!

KALAKANDA.

Foolish slave-girl! what matters it what befalls a man when he is dead; what if he lie with his head facing[102] the east, or west, or north, or south; what if his funeral rites be performed or not; what if he be left above the ground or be buried under it; what if you burn him to ashes, or offer him as food to hungry vultures and wolves?—all—all is the same! When the pearl is removed from the oyster, why make so much ado about the worthless shell which covered it? When the soul has vanished, woman, why take trouble about its earthly tenement?—It is pitch-dark, and late in the night; I cannot consent to your going.

SANDRAMATI.

Speak not thus, my lord! Let me go to take but one look at the corpse of my only child!

KALAKANDA.

Unruly slave, if you thus pester me with your entreaties, I must yield, for I wish not to pain a woman. Be quick, Santi, and return before dawn.

SANDRAMATI.

I abide by thy commands, master.

SCENE VI.

The Forest adjoining Kàsi, and the Cemetery and Streets.

SANDRAMATI (*weeping on the way*).

I have been long treading my way in this wilderness. I see no trace of the child. My legs now fail me. The ground is strewn with thorns,

the darkness has become intense. Yet I discover not the *ala*-tree. Oh! where may be that bush of the sacred *kusa?* Who could have hidden Devadàsa from my sight? Was there ever a woman born into this world who has had to endure more than myself? Ye animals that roam here! why only frighten me? Bears! why only grin at me? Hyænas! why only howl at me? Come; snatch my life away—save me from these sorrows. Ye antelopes that move about me, with your fair mates and young fawns! will you not pity my forlorn state, and show me where Devadàsa lies—for you bound over this forest and penetrate into all its nooks? Peacocks! swans! pigeons! is there any place unknown to you? Tell me, then, whether in your rambles you have not visited the spot where my son now lies dead? (*She reaches the mound where the corpse lies, and tramples on it unawares.*) My son! my son! are you here? Sleep you content on this bed of sharp stones—you, who of yore found it difficult to rest even on silken cushions covered with soft and fragrant flowers? Did I, then, nourish you with my milk to be thus immolated at an ant-hill? (*Takes the corpse in her arms.*) O venomous reptile! had you the heart to kill a child of such

tender years? What! could you not spare even an infant so delicate as this? Have you no eyes? Are you devoid of feeling? Treacherous snake! appear before me, I implore you. Kill me, the mother, as you have so wantonly killed this, my child! Send me to join Devadàsa in that hallowed place where his pure soul now reposes in bliss! Then, O snake! no injustice will have been done by you—then will I adore you as my God and Saviour! (*Weeping—sits down.*) Oh! there is none to aid me! What avail my cries? Who cares for a wretch like me? Let me seek the cemetery.

[*Comes to the grounds where* ARICHANDRA *keeps watch, and places the child on the ground.*]

ARICHANDRA (*rushing up to her and kicking the corpse out of the grounds*).

Woman! woman! how dare you act the part of a thief, and intrude so boldly into the precincts of this cemetery at so unseasonable an hour? Imagined you that there was no person guarding this place, or, that, taking advantage of his absence

or negligence, you could have burnt that corpse here, and fled without paying the fees due to us. Begone—bear away that dead child; else I must send you forcibly hence. Beware!

SANDRAMATI.

I am, sir, quite ignorant of the customs of this place. Else I would not have come hither without having first obtained your permission. Excuse me, kind man; allow me to burn the corpse of this child within the cemetery.

ARICHANDRA.

As you state that you are a stranger, I readily forgive your fault. But I cannot allow you to perform the ceremony of cremation here, without first receiving payment of the usual fees. These, woman, consist of a quantity of rice, a piece of cloth, and a small copper coin.

SANDRAMATI.

I am, sir, only the slave-girl of a Brahmin; and this my child has perished to-day of the bite of a snake. I come hither direct from the forest, whither I went to remove the corpse. I possess

no money; am worth nothing. I entreat you, therefore, waive your claim in the case of a beggar like myself: God assists those who assist the poor.

ARICHANDRA.

Your lamentations can serve no purpose; the fees you must pay. They are not mine; but belong to my employer, and I have no power to remit them. I will gladly forego what is due to myself, namely, the rice with which the mouth of the dead body is filled; the rest you must bring. Depart!

SANDRAMATI.

I have leave to be absent from my master's house only till dawn, and have, therefore, hardly time to go there and return. You observe that I have nothing with me. What can I do? Assist me, I beseech you.

ARICHANDRA.

Excellent! Woman! I never in my life saw a greater impostor; you told me that you had no object of value about you. Thought you I was

blind, and perceived not that superb chain of brilliants which formed part of your wedding necklace? Why can you not sell it, or pledge it, and bring the money due to my master? Away, deceiver! away!

SANDRAMATI.

What! Pariah! Have you seen the *manglya* encircling my neck? Has my degradation become, then, so great? That chain which is the symbol of Siva's favour to me—that chain which has received the blessing of sages and devotees—that mystic chain which none but my husband, the noble son of Trisanku, had as yet seen—even that sacred chain, have you, O outcast! profaned by your vile eyes? Yes; I am an exile from my country, have been separated from my beloved king and husband, and have now lost this my only child. Yet, I vow to you, O Gods! you blind and cruel beings above! no greater affliction has befallen me than this present exposure.—My life must now cease.

[*Weeps.*]

ARICHANDRA.

Ah! Sandramati, my love, is it you? Is that my son Devadàsa? Has he come to a pre-

mature death? Has not even that infant child been spared? Of what transgression is he guilty? Whom has he offended? Heartless snake! why didst thou kill a harmless babe?

[*Takes his child, and sobs.*]

SANDRAMATI.

Oh! my husband! art thou here? Have I wandered hither to witness your sufferings, and add fuel to the flames which now consume thee? But, pray, give not way to grief. Let us bear up under these evils; let our constancy never fail us. Deign now, Monarch, to burn thy own child. As thou art his progenitor, so be his destroyer.

ARICHANDRA (*placing the child down*).

Sandramati! true you are my wife, true this child is mine, yet I dare not and will not be unfaithful to my master Veravakoo, whose slave and servant I am. Unless, therefore, his dues are paid, I must yet forbid the burning of the corpse in this cemetery. Return, therefore, to the Brahmin Kalakanda, and beg of him to furnish you with the fees.

SANDRAMATI.

My lord, Kalakanda, who declined to allow me even to go in quest of my dead child, will he, that pitiless Brahmin, provide me with money for performing the last rites over this babe? Yet, my husband, it is not for me to disobey thy orders. I return, leaving this corpse in thy charge. (*She leaves the cemetery; and as she goes towards* KALAKANDA'S *house, stumbles over the corpse of another child lying in the street, and takes it up.*) Ah! how like my child is this? Whose infant can this be? I find, too, marks of violence on its neck, as if it had been strangled to death.

[*Enter the night guards of the city, patrolling the streets.*]

THE GUARDS.

Hail, King of Kàsi! Hail, Vis Wanàth! We are the night guards of the city. Let no thief appear in this town, for he can never escape us. We will track him by his footmarks, whether he leap over fence or bush. He can never deceive us; for we have studied all the arts of theft. We understand how thieves lie in wait to break into

the dwellings of the rich; we know where they conceal their booty. Thieves! leave Kàsi at once, if you have entered it unawares; for this is no place for you so long as we prowl here like wolves. If you are caught, beware, you meet certain death; beware, we shall pour boiling liquid into your nostrils; beware, we shall tear out your eyes, and cut off your hands. Here we come. Flee hence—flee. Hail, King of Kàsi! Hail, Vis Wanàth!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

Silence, men! Hear you not a low whisper wafted hither by the breeze? This looks a suspicious locality. Be vigilant. It may be here perhaps that we shall encounter the brigands who last night so audaciously entered our sovereign's palace, and carried away the infant prince from his bed-chamber. Companions! our mission to-night is pregnant with importance; for even the heir-apparent to the throne of these realms has been stolen. We must capture the thief. Our king, you know, is inconsolable. All are awake in the palace, and await the result of our search. Secrete yourselves in this thicket. I will precede

you and reconnoitre. (*Proceeds a little way, and discovers* SANDRAMATI *on the side of the road bearing the corpse of an infant in her arms.*) Ah! 'are you then the giantess who had the temerity to perpetrate so foul, so irreparable a crime? (*Looks at the child, and discovers it to be the infant Prince of Kàsi.*) Frantic woman! why did you kill this babe? Who are you? Stand—answer. Comrades, hasten. Behold in this female the murderer and the thief. Come, lose no time, seize her. Let your cudgels fall heavily on her body. Punish her unsparingly. She who was so cruel-hearted as to strangle this tender child —she, indeed, can expect no mercy from us. Squeeze the neck of this cannibal until the blood she sucked out of this child is pressed out of her own throat.

THE GUARDS.

Captain! thy commands shall be strictly fulfilled.

[*They punish her mercilessly, and tie her hands behind her very tightly; she cries out in great agony.*]

SANDRAMATI.

Forbear, sirs! I pray, forbear. I have not killed

this child; I have not even seen it before. I am only a poor woman, the slave of a Brahmin of this city. I am unable to endure the pain inflicted by these tortures. The tight bandaging of my arms has already cracked the bones.—Oh, soul! why dost thou not instantly disconnect thyself from this foul frame of mine, and wend thy way heavenwards?—Is such, then, sirs, the law of holy Kàsi? Is this justice, this equity?

THE CAPTAIN.

Impostor! speak not, but walk on. Has fortitude only now deserted you? Is there any crime greater than that of taking away the life of harmless and helpless infants?

SCENE VII.

The Palace of the King of Kàsi.

THE KING.

Well, minister! is nothing yet known of the murderer of the infant Prince? What have I done to merit such diabolical treachery? What

avails my power now, when even my own household is not safe from such terrible ravages? What trust can I repose in my officers, when thieves have entered my palace, and carried away my own child—though warriors kept guard, though armies surrounded it? Who but God can assuage my grief?

[*Enter the Guard, escorting* SANDRAMATI *to the palace of the* KING OF KÀSI, *bringing the dead child with them.*]

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

Monarch! obeisance to thy sacred feet. We have at length succeeded in capturing the offender; the thief who entered the palace and carried away the young Prince is this woman (*produces her*). We found her with the child in her arms. Unhappily, before we traced her out she had strangled the Prince; his corpse we have brought hither.

THE KING.

Ah! is, then, this delicate-looking female the murderer of my infant? Woman! woman! what cause have I given you to lacerate my feelings in this cruel manner? Answer. Who are you? to what country do you belong?

SANDRAMATI (*in a state of frenzy*).

King! why inquirest thou all that? I belong to the race of elves; and I have killed thy child, in order that I might feed on his delicate flesh.

THE KING.

I feel sorely grieved at the death of my son, but I feel yet more perplexed at being informed that this handsome and gentle-looking damsel is his destroyer. Minister! her appearance bespeaks not guilt. A murderer is known by his words, his looks, and demeanour. This woman stands composed, and declares that she is guilty of this awful crime. What means have I of testing the truth of her confession? I must pause to investigate fully before I decide; for it is infinitely better that all my family should be murdered, than that I should condemn to death even a single innocent person.

THE MINISTER.

Who can unravel the machinations of this woman's heart? yet who can say that these guardsmen, unable to discover the real delinquent,

have not conspired together to fix upon this innocent female as an easy victim to be offered at the shrine of the Goddess of Justice?

THE KING.

Captain of the guard! declare, is your statement strictly true? Did you find the child in the arms of this girl? Attempt not to win my favour by accusing guiltless persons!

THE CAPTAIN.

How dare we tell a falsehood in thy august presence! Thy child, O monarch! was found in this woman's hands.

THE KING.

Woman! speak, are you indeed guilty of this crime? It may be that you have been hardly dealt with by these my officers; and through fear, you may have told them that you had killed my child. But before me cast away all apprehension. For know, as this is the abode of the Goddess of Justice, so it is also the asylum of the oppressed. Declare the truth,—I will protect you.

SANDRAMATI (*yet in a state of frenzy*).

King! entertain no doubt of my guilt. I did slay thy child. Order me to be executed.

THE KING.

Minister! I have grave misgivings as to the guilt of this woman. True, my child is dead, but what good can accrue to us by depriving a poor woman of her life? Will my son be restored to me thereby? Oh, no! Order this prisoner to be banished the city before morning.

THE GUARDS.

Sire! sire! if thou believest us not, it is proper that we should at once resign our functions.

THE KING.

Wait, there is yet room for inquiry. Prime minister! repair to the spot where this woman was apprehended, examine whether any foot-prints are traceable thence to our palace; and if such be the case, whether they correspond in size or shape with the feet of this misguided woman.

[*He goes out with the Guard and* SANDRAMATI, *and returns after some time.*]

THE PRIME MINISTER.

There need now be no hesitation, my lord, in deciding that this woman is the actual slayer of thy infant son. There are footmarks leading from the bedchamber of the Prince to the spot where this prisoner was first seen, and, strange to say, sire! they all correspond with her own.

THE KING.

Woman! declare again, I entreat you, are you the real murderer? I am prepared to judge you by your own words.

SANDRAMATI.

I solemnly declare I am guilty of this murder; condemn me, sovereign! to condign punishment.

THE KING.

O God! my duty is trying, yet I must discharge it. Minister! order the public executioner hither.

[VERAVAKOO *is led in.*]

Veravakoo! remove this female hence to the cemetery. Strike her head off with your sabre, and return hither instantly.

VERAVAKOO.

Thy Majesty's commands will be duly obeyed. [*Seizes* SANDRAMATI *by her hand, and drags her to the cemetery.*] Woman! devil! get on. Your end is come; presently Yama's messengers will escort you to his audience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Cemetery of Kàsi.

VERAVAKOO (*leading on* SANDRAMATI).

Slave Arichandra! this woman has been sentenced by our king to be executed without delay. Draw your sword and cut her head off. [*Exit.*]

ARICHANDRA.

I obey, master.

[*Draws the sword, and approaches* SANDRAMATI.]

SANDRAMATI (*coming to consciousness again*).

My husband! What! do I see thee again? I applaud thy resolution, my lord. Yes; let me die by thy sword. Be not unnerved, but be prompt, and perform thy duty unflinchingly.

ARICHANDRA.

My beloved wife! the days allotted to you in this world are numbered; you have run through the span of your existence. Convicted as you are of this crime, there is no hope for your life; I must presently fulfil my instructions. I can allow you only a few seconds; pray to your tutelary deities, prepare yourself to meet your doom.

WIS WÀMITRA *appears.*

WIS WÀMITRA.

Arichandra! Arichandra! what! are you going to slaughter this poor woman? Wicked man! spare her! Tell a lie even now, and be restored to your former state.

ARICHANDRA.

I pray, my lord, attempt not to beguile me from the path of rectitude. Nothing shall shake my resolution; even though thou didst offer to me the throne of Indra,[4] I would not tell a lie. Pollute not thy sacred person by entering such unholy grounds. Depart! I dread not thy wrath; I no longer court thy favour. Depart!

[WIS WÀMITRA *disappears.*]

My love! Lo! I am thy executioner: come, lay thy head gently on this block with thy sweet face turned towards the east.

Sandramati! my wife! be firm, be happy. The last moment of our sufferings has at length come; for to sufferings, too, there is happily an end. Here cease our woes, our griefs, our pleasures. Mark! yet awhile, and thou wilt be as free as the vultures that now soar in the skies.

This keen sabre will do its duty. Thou dead, thy husband dies too—this selfsame sword shall pierce my breast. First the child—then the wife—last the husband—all victims of a sage's wrath. I the martyr of Truth—thou and thy son martyrs for me, the martyr of Truth. Yes; let

us die cheerfully and bear our ills meekly. Yea; let all men perish, let all gods cease to exist, let the stars that shine above grow dim, let all seas be dried up, let all mountains be levelled to the ground, let wars rage, blood flow in streams, let millions of millions of Arichandras be thus persecuted; yet let Truth be maintained—let Truth ride victorious over all—let Truth be the light—Truth the guide—Truth alone the lasting solace of mortals and immortals. Die, then, O Goddess of Chastity! Die, at this the shrine of thy sister Goddess of Truth!

[*Strikes the neck of* SANDRAMATI *with great force; the sword, instead of hurting her, is transformed into a string of superb pearls, which winds itself around her: the Gods of Heaven, all Sages, and all Kings, appear suddenly to the view of* ARICHANDRA.]

SIVA (*the first of the Gods*).

Arichandra! be you ever blessed! You have borne your severe trials most heroically, and have proved to all men that virtue is of greater worth than all the vanities of a fleeting world.

Be you the model of mortals. Return to your land, resume your authority, and rule your State.

Devadàsa! victim of Wis Wàmitra's wrath! rise! [*He is restored to life.*]

Rise you also! son of the King of Kàsi, with whose murder you, Sandramati, were charged, through the machinations of Wis Wàmitra.

[*He comes to life also.*]

ARICHANDRA.

All my misfortunes are of little consequence, since thou, O God of Gods! hast deigned to favour me with thy divine presence. No longer care I for kingdom, or power, or glory. I value not children, or wives, or relations. To thy service, to thy worship, to the redemption of my erring soul, I devote myself uninterruptedly hereafter. Let me not become the sport of men. The slave of a Pariah cannot become a king; the slave-girl of a Brahmin cannot become a queen. When once the milk has been drawn from the udder of the cow, nothing can restore the selfsame milk to it. Our degradation, O God! is now beyond redemption.

Enter WIS WÀMITRA.

WIS WÀMITRA.

I pray, O Siva! that thou wouldst pardon my folly. Anxious to gain the wager laid by me before the Gods, I have most mercilessly tormented this virtuous king; yet he has proved himself the most truthful of all earthly sovereigns, triumphing victoriously over me and my efforts to divert him from his constancy. Àrichandra! king of kings! I crave your forgiveness.

Enter VERAVAKOO.

VERAVAKOO (*throwing off his disguise*).

King Arichandra! think not that I am a Pariah, for you behold in me even Yama, the God of Death. Regardful of your spotless character and high state, and anxious to rescue you from disgrace, I assumed the incarnation of the Pariah Veravakoo. Look; here is the bond of slavery which your minister Sattyakirti gave me.

Enter KALAKANDA.

KALAKANDA (*throwing off his disguise too*).

Queen Sandramati! rest not in the belief that you were the slave of a Brahmin. No; he to

whose service you devoted yourself am even I the God of Fire—Agni.

Enter VASITTA.

VASITTA.

Arichandra! no disgrace attaches to thee, nor to the Solar race of which thou art the incomparable gem. Even this cemetery is in reality no cemetery; for, look, the illusion lasts not, and thou beholdest here a holy grove, the abode of hermits and ascetics. Like the gold which has passed through successive crucibles, devoid of all impurities, thou, O King of Ayòdiah, shinest in greater splendour than even yon god of light now rising to our view on the orient hills. [*It is morning.*]

SIVA.

Arichandra! let not the world learn that Virtue is vanquished and that its enemy, Vice, has become the victor. Go, mount your throne again—proclaim to all that we, the Gods, are the guardians of the good and the true.

Indra! Chief of the Gods, accompany this sovereign with all your retinue to Ayòdiah, and re-crown him Emperor of Ayòdiah. May his

reign be long—may all bliss await him in the other world!

[*First the Gods disappear; then* ARICHANDRA, INDRA, *the Kings of the earth and their retinue, who all proceed in great state to Ayòdiah and re-crown* ARICHANDRA *king of his wide-spread dominions.*]

NOTES.

1. "*Ayòdiah.*" Supposed to be the present Oude.

2. "*The herald of the palace.*" Indian kings employed men called *Kattyakàrans*, who preceded them in processions, and proclaimed their praises aloud. On the Indian stage, the herald was, in some respects, a substitute for the chorus of the Greek theatre. He also at times acted the part of the English clown.

3. "*Solar dynasty.*" Indian kings belonged to one or the other of two great families, which were held to have descended respectively from the sun and the moon—the former called the *Sùrya Vangsa*, or Solar dynasty; the latter, the *Chantra Vangsa*, or Lunar dynasty. The Solar dynasty was the more eminent of the two.

4. "*Indra.*" The chief of the *Devàs* or gods, and the president of their paradise: he should not be confounded with *Siva*, who, though occasionally spoken of as "King of the Gods," is yet, in the Indian mythology, superior to Indra by several grades.

5. "*Sagès, devotees, and Brahmins.*" These always formed part of a king's audience, and counselled him on points of religion and morality. They may, perhaps, be compared to the white-robed peers of the House of Lords.

6. "*Apsara girls.*" These are dancing-girls, called also *Dàsis.* They form a profession by themselves, and are the only *corps de ballet*—if, indeed, this term can be applied to them—of the Indian stage. It is well known that one of the chief amusements of the Hindus is a *nautch*, which consists of a performance by the dancing-girls. It may be interesting to know that each of their motions and gestures —and they are not few—has a meaning. Dancing forms the subject of an elaborate science, called the *Nritya-Sàstra.*

7. "*Vedas.*" As all may not have heard this word before, it may be as well to mention here, that these are the Scriptures of the Hindus. The *Vedas*—four in number —are to the Hindu what the Bible is to the Christian and the Koran to the Mahometan.

8. "*Sciences.*" These are held to be the accessories to the *Vedas*, and are sometimes called *Vedàngas*, which comprise grammar, prosody, rhetoric, &c. In Southern Hindustan, however, the word has a larger meaning, and embraces a wider range, not only of sciences, but also of arts, such as horsemanship, the management of elephants, architecture, &c. These are termed also *Kalakkiyànams.*

9. "*The four castes.*" The caste distinctions of the Hindus are well known: there were originally only four castes, viz. (1) the *Brahmin*, or priest caste; (2) the *Kshetriya*, the warrior or king caste; (3) the *Vaisya*, or

merchant caste; and (4) the *Shudra*, or labourer caste. These four castes are greatly subdivided, and the castes of India may now be counted by hundreds. Those who do not fall within the range of these castes are called *Shandālas*, or outcasts, of whom the *Pariahs* form the principal section.

10. "*Sarayu.*" Supposed to be the present *Sarjou*—a branch of the Ganges.

11. "*One-eighth of the produce.*" It so appears in the original. This might be considered as rather a heavy tax; but it must not be forgotten that there were very few taxes besides this land-tax, which might be viewed as including also the rent.

12. "*Pilgrim Brahmins.*" Brahmins and others made once, or oftener, in the course of their lives a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine. This was, in fact, in olden times, the great inducement to travel. Those who had made a pilgrimage were always looked up to with reverence. A visit to Benares is deemed the pilgrimage *par excellence.*

13. "*Sin-healing waters.*" The Hindus believe in the efficacy of the waters of some rivers, fountains, and tanks of India to wash out sins: hence the desire to be cast into the Ganges, when at the point of death. Pilgrims to Benares generally bring back with them large phials of water, and it is considered a great blessing to have even a few drops of it to drink. It must, however, be noticed here, that these and other superstitious notions find favour only with the ignorant: the philosophers of the East, though

they, like Socrates, who scrupled not to ask his disciple to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius, gave, as a matter of policy, an outward assent to the popular belief, yet had themselves no faith in it, and even exposed its absurdities in their esoteric schools.

14. "*Govinda.*" One of the names of Vishnu, the second god of the Hindu Triad. This term is used here as one of exclamation. Such are the words "*Hari! Hari!*" which also apply to Vishnu, and are used for the same purpose.

15. "*The four divisions of thy redoubtable army.*" An Indian army consisted of four branches. These were, first, the chariots; secondly, the elephants; thirdly, the horse; and lastly, the foot. Hence the army was called the *Chatranga Sena*—the "*four-armed army.*" It need scarcely be mentioned that the name and origin of the game of chess are generally referred to the Indian *Chatranga.*

16. "*Coomàri.*" Cape Comorin is called by the Hindus *Canyà Coomàri;* there is a temple near it, dedicated to a goddess of the name of Coomàri.

17. "*Gangotri.*" Reputed amongst the Hindus the nearest accessible point to the source of the Ganges. It is a place of great resort for pilgrims.

18. "*Imaian.*" The Himalayas are called, *Imaya Mala* —the "snowy mountains." The English name is evidently a corruption of these words.

19. "*Kailasa.*" In Indian mythology, a silver mountain —the abode of Siva. It is believed that its site is some-

where near the Himalayas, and that the Ganges rises there.

20. "*Kàsi.*" The present Benares; called also Varanasi, from which *Benares* is derived. A city of great sanctity in the eyes of the Hindus.

21. "*Austerities.*" One of the main features of Brahminism—as, indeed, of most other religions but the Protestant Christianity of the present age, as pointed out by Taylor in his lectures at the Hanover Square Rooms—is asceticism and the practice of austerities. Both the ignorant οἱ πολλοι and the enlightened sages of India resorted to austerities; the former with the view of winning the favour of the gods, and thereby rendering themselves richer and more powerful; the latter, for the purpose of subduing the evil propensities of the mind by reducing the powers of the body.—The Indians go to great expense and toil to propitiate the gods to bless them with progeny. To be childless is not, as amongst the ancient Jews, merely a disgrace, but is also viewed as a special mark of disfavour from the gods. For the Hindu believes in the efficacy of a child's meritorious acts to heal the sins of the father and mother.

22. "*Fish-bannered and cane-bowed God of Love.*" As Cupid is in the classical, so is Cama, in Eastern mythology, the God of Love. He is called also *Madana, Ananga,* and bears various other names. He is supposed to ride in a car drawn by paroquets, to have a bow made of the sugar-cane, and arrows tipped with the most delicious flowers. His banner is represented as emblazoned with a fish. He is held to be invisible to all but his consort, *Rati.*

23. "*Santra, or Chantra.*" The name for the moon, who is a god amongst the Hindus, and not a goddess, as amongst the Greeks and Romans.

24. "*Siva.*" The first god of the Hindu Triad, which consists of *Siva*, the destroying divinity; *Vishnu*, the preserving divinity; and *Brahma*, the creating divinity. Siva and Vishnu have their respective followers and temples in all parts of India, while Brahma has none. *Brahm* is different from *Brahma*. The former is the divine essence from which all things are supposed to have originally emanated, and into which all things will likewise be resolved. (*Vide* also Appendix, head PATHI.) Thus Brahm is the God *par excellence*.

25. "*The holy ashes.*" There appears to have been a great similarity between the religious ceremonies of the Jews and the Hindus. The holy ashes, which the Indians employed in various ways, were also known to the Jews, though the latter had not such extensive use for them. The followers of Siva rubbed their foreheads and bodies with them. This was what distinguished the *Sivaites* from the followers of Vishnu, who had the mark of a trident on the forehead, composed of yellow or red and white streaks. These ashes were also used for purposes of incantation, and at times administered by priests as an all-curing medicine. Holy ashes were also supposed, when administered by priestly hands, to possess the power of removing sin. They were prepared from various substances, some certainly very far from being cleanly.

26. "*Suyam Varam.*" This institution regarding marriages is like an oasis in the midst of a desert. It is well known that marriages in India are all *mariages*

de convenance, or, rather, *de compulsion*. If a man has a son and his sister a daughter, it is understood that their children must marry *nolentes volentes*. The evils resulting from marriages within degrees prohibited by the laws of the West are not insignificant. Yet custom, or *mamool*, has its quota of victims in the East, as *crinoline* and *Le Follet* have their periodical immolations in the West. It appears that in ancient times Indian princesses alone were exempt from this exacting rule. They had the benefit of a *Suyam Varam*, which was a gathering of princes. The princess, who was in search of a partner, selected whomsoever she fancied amongst those who attended the *Suyam Varam*. It has often happened that when two princes fell in desperate love with the selfsame princess at a *Suyam Varam*, and one of them was favoured by the "garland" of the princess, wars ensued between the love-sick rivals. The victor became in the end the winner of the fair prize. A *Suyam Varam* affords Indian poets a great opportunity of displaying their descriptive talents, as they have to portray the distinctive character and merits of each prince. In this respect it is like the assembling of many chieftains at a camp before battle, some accounts of which, by Indian poets, it may be observed *en passant*, bear not a little resemblance as specimens of the art of *grouping* to analogous descriptions by Macaulay in the wars of William III. against Louis XIV.

27. "*The world-famed Rama.*" The hero of the great epic, the *Ramayana*—so called from his name. Rama is the model man of India, and is believed by the Hindus to be an incarnation of Vishnu, the second god of the Hindu Triad. In the *Mahabharata*, the same god assumes another incarnation, viz. that of Krishna, the incidents of

whose birth bear some resemblance to those attending Christ's nativity, irrespective of the faint consonance in the names—*Krishna* and *Christ*. The character of the adult Krishna, as represented by his votaries, is, however, anything but elevated.

Ayòdiah, or Oude, was the seat of Rama's throne.

28. "*The God of Morning.*" *Sùrya*, or the sun. The indu poets often repeat this imagery. They believe that there is a species of the lotus, the flowers of which open at sunrise, and close at sunset. Hence they call the sun the "husband of the lotus," for it pines when its lord is absent, and grows merry when he reappears.

29. "*Manu.*" The Solon of India. The name is well known to Indian lawyers, and his code is yet recognized, subject to modifications.

30. "*Mangalam, Mangalam.*" A mirthful expression used on auspicious occasions.

31. "*Lute-toned,*" *i. e.* possessing a voice as melòdious as the lute. The Indians pay special attention to the study of music, and attach great importance to a sweet voice. The different vocal chords are called *ràkas;* there are as many as seventy different *ràkas*, expressive of solemnity, sadness, merriment, and other states of the mind.

32. "*Yama.*" The Indian Pluto; he is reputed to be a strictly just being, stern in punishing the wicked. He is pictured as mounted on a buffalo, surrounded by numberless messengers, and bearing an awful aspect. The last struggles which the soul makes before it quits its

earthly tenement are attributed to its being brought face to face with this dire god, who at times personally, and sometimes by deputy, is present at every death-bed, and escorts the soul to his realms, where an account is supposed to be kept of all its doings. It is judged, condemned or saved according to the balance-sheet of merits and demerits recorded in the book.

33. "*Saffron.*" This is the colour adopted on all auspicious occasions. It is used in various ways. Saffron, which is yellow, is also the "*rouge*" of the young maidens of the East.

34. "*Durga.*" Another name for *Pàrvati*, the consort of Siva; only as Durga she assumes a more terrible aspect. She is also called *Kali*. Durga is the patron goddess of warriors; she is worshipped for nine days in the year with great ceremony by all kings and warriors. The holidays are called *Navarattri*, or nine nights. During this period, strictly, no arms ought to be used by soldiers, but all should be laid down at the shrine of Durga. Curiously enough, schools are also closed for the same term, and no schoolboy allowed to read or study, as that would be a sacrilege against the sister Goddess of Learning —Saraswati—who also is worshipped during these days. Thus, in this latter respect, the "Durga Poojah holidays" resembles the *Quinquatria* of the Romans.

Durga, or Pàrvati, is held to be a sister of Vishnu in Indian mythology.

35. "*Spiritual preceptor.*" Every family in India had its spiritual preceptor or *guru*. When any member of it arrived at years of discretion, it was his business to impart

to him or her the truths of Indian religion. The spiritual preceptor was usually the person who advised the family on all difficult matters. The kings also had their *gurus*. They were highly respected.

36. "*Alavatties*." One of the insignia of honour; it is of the shape of a large fan, attached to a long pole. It is carried by men on either side of a procession, and the effect of rows of *alavatties*, interspersed amidst flags, &c., is rather picturesque.

37. "*Ambarie*" is what is commonly called the *howdah*, with a top to it. Perhaps it was more of the shape of a small *pagòda*. Inside the *ambarie* it was that the kings sat, while the *mahout*, or driver of the elephant, sat on the neck of the animal.

38. "*Sámara*." This was one of the insignia of honour. It was a tuft of the white hair of the Thibet goat fastened to a silver or gold handle. Usually a pair of these tufts were wafted on either side of a king, by two damsels, when he was on the throne, and by two elephants when he was out on a procession.

39. "*Rhemba and Menika*." These were the song-stresses and dancing-women of the gods, and were reputed to be very beautiful.

40. "*The banana and the areca*." Two species of the Indian palm-tree. The latter is a very tall, thin plant, and supplies Indians with a nut which forms an ingredient of the *betel* which they chew. The former yields a delicious fruit, some kinds of which taste not very unlike the English pear.

41. "*Attar.*" The Hindustanee term for perfumes in a liquid form.

42. "*Pagodas.*" Another word for *ambaris*; *vide* Note 37.

43. The "*architect*" of the Gods was *Visvakerma.* He was supposed to possess the power of calling into immediate existence any kind of building or structure that he conceived in his mind.

44. "*Astrologer.*" There was an astrologer attached to the court of every king. His duty was to study the horoscope of the king, and to counsel him as to the auspicious moment when he should begin to do anything. Astrology is yet a living science in India, and its inhabitants have a rooted faith in it. The astrologer is consulted by all, on every important occasion. Marriage being an important ceremony, the consultation of several astrologers is often required before the time for celebrating it is fixed. Every Indian who can afford to pay for it has also a horoscope, which is supposed to tell him all that is to befall him in this life.

45. "*Semboka*"—called also *champao*—is esteemed by the Indians the best of their flowers. It has a rich scent and a yellow colour.

46. "*Vermilion-tipped.*" The Hindu women painted their nails with a red dye, extracted from some kind of leaves.

47. "*Meru.*" In the cosmogony of the Hindus, *Meru* is considered to be the centre of the universe, and its size enormous.

48. "*Manglya.*" The chain of gold, or twisted yellow thread, worn by married women round their necks. This is the emblem of marriage: it is attached to the neck of the bride by the bridegroom on the day when the nuptial ceremony is celebrated. If the husband die before the wife, the widow removes it from her neck immediately. Thus any woman amongst the Hindus who has not the *manglya*, is either a maid or a widow.

49. "*Usage.*" Who has not heard of the *suttee?* Happily there is an end to it, and gradually even Indian widows are beginning to seek second husbands, though amongst the very highest classes it is even yet considered improper to marry a second time. *Vide* also Note 121.

50. "*Arundadi*" is the name of the Goddess of Chastity. Curiously enough, she is supposed to have been of the lowest origin—a *Pariah* by birth, though apotheosized afterwards, in consequence of her great merits. She became the wife of *Vasitta* subsequently.

51. "*Seven elect sages.*" The Hindus assign pre-eminence to seven great sages, amongst whom are *Vasitta* and *Wis Wámitra*, who appears in the next act. They are supposed to be endowed with great wisdom and supernatural powers.

52. "*Yokam.*" This has reference to the mystic philosophy of the Hindus. There are different kinds of *Yokam*, but all these have more or less relation to the suppression of the breath. The great effort of the Hindus is to concentrate the mind on some one thought, such as "God;" or to make the mind cease to think, in the ordinary sense

of the word. They fancy this can be effected by suppressing the breath, which they consider the vehicle of thought. They call the human breath "the horse on which the mind rides." Hence, when it is suppressed, they conclude that the mind must cease to wander. This done, it is purified enough to contemplate God, which, in reality, is to become merged in Him. Ideas such as these ought to be attached by the general reader to the word "Yokam;" a fuller explanation would require too much space. Some thoughts akin to these are to be found in the writings of the mystics of mediæval Europe.

53. "*Indraani.*" The wife of Indra, the chief of the Gods; *vide* Note 4.

54. "*Whose little finger I knit with your own.*" This was one of the ceremonies observed at an Indian marriage. The officiating priest brought the little fingers of the bride and bridegroom together, and linked them: thus joined, husband and wife were presumed to become *one.* The Hindus entertained some such notions as Shelley's on marriage.

55. "*Let the Brahmins be duly feasted.*" The Brahmins always came in for a good share of everything. The Hindus spent large sums of money in celebrating their marriages, no small portion of which went into the pockets of the Brahmins. They were also entertained at sumptuous banquets.

56. "*Male child.*" Boys are the favourite children amongst the Hindus, girls being looked upon as a burden.

Besides, boys alone are *religiously* useful, for they alone can perform the funeral rites of the father or the mother, to which much importance is attached.

57. "*Order an elephant out.*" This was in ancient times the usual mode of proclaiming any public event. The beating of the drum which the elephant carried on its back attracted large crowds, to whom the news was published by the rider.

58. "*Bestow on him a name.*" Naming a child was, and continues to be, an important event in India. The child in ordinary families is generally taken to the temple of some deity where, after offering their prayers, the parents and their friends and relations, guided by the high priest and the astrologer, select a name and assign it to the babe. All present then repeat aloud the name so chosen. Generally the names have a meaning attached to them. The boys are called by the names of the Gods, and the girls by those of the Goddesses. The Indian mythology comprising within its circle a large number of Gods and Goddesses, and each of them having several names, practically this entails no difficulty. It may be useful to mention likewise that amongst the Hindus the child never takes the name of the father, but invariably that of the grandfather, which, according to this rule, must necessarily be different from that of the father.

59. "*Indra Loka.*" The scene changes from the earth to the heaven of Indra now. *Indra loka* means literally the world of Indra, and is supposed to be above the earth. It is a kind of Elysium, where Indra and the minor Gods enjoy unheard-of felicity.

60. "*Equine sacrifices.*" These are called *Aswamèdhas*—*i. e.* sacrifices of horses. Indian kings thought very highly of them, and entertained a belief that whoever succeeded in performing a hundred such sacrifices would be translated to heaven to occupy the throne of the existing Indra, who was consequently deposed. Hence it was that Indra and the Gods always threw obstacles in the way of the kings of the earth, whenever they attempted to perform an *Aswamèdha.*

The horse required for this purpose must be one possessing all the perfections of his race. When such an animal was found—and there are books describing the qualities desiderated—he was let loose, and the royal owner and his army followed his footsteps whithersoever he went; if in the course of his rambles he strayed into other sovereigns' territories, and thereby involved his master in war, the latter must meet force by force, and having regained the steed, free him, in order that he might return to his original country, where the sacrifice was consummated by his being slaughtered.

Equine sacrifices were also known, it appears, to the Scythian nations.

61. "*The God of Fire.*" All the different elements were deified by the ancient Hindus.

62. "*Ayràvadam and Swàtham.*" The white elephant and the white horse of Indra. Each monarch in the East had what was called a "*crown elephant,*" and a "*crown horse.*" They were treated with the greatest respect, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and, if not ridden by the royal owner, were generally led in the front of his processions. Indra was supposed to have a

white elephant; hence Indian sovereigns, who took Indra for their model, endeavoured to ape him by having albino elephants for their "crown elephants." Hence, also, the great sanctity and value attached by the Siamese princes even of the present day, to the so-called white elephants, which form part of their retinue.

In all Indian processions the elephants played a prominent part. In battles they were found to be of the greatest use. It is well known of what service they were to Pyrrhus in his wars against the Roman Republic.

Swâtham is the name of the white "crown horse" of Indra.

63. "*Sintamani.*" This was reputed to be the first of gems—the like of which was to be seen nowhere else. It may here be added, that this gem, as indeed the other rarities which Indra was supposed to possess, even his wife, Indraani, were the result of what is called the "churning of the ocean of milk," which the Gods and their enemies the *Asuras* were held to have done in concert in ancient times for the purpose of acquiring the *amrita*, or ambrosia. The feud between the Gods, or Devas, and their brethren, the *Asuras*, was believed to date from this period, and to be due to the unfair distribution of the ambrosia acquired by their joint labours.

64. "*Houri.*" Mahomet's name for a nymph of his paradise. It must be stated that these and other Mahometan terms do not occur in the original, but are introduced by the translator.

65. "*Nârada*" is the God of Music: he is represented as always playing on the lyre.

66. "*Even as snakes disappear before the voice of the thunder.*" Such is the belief entertained. It is imagined that the sound of the thunder is potent enough even to kill the snakes which hear it, and that they run into the innermost recesses of their nests the moment they perceive signs of thunder.

67. "*The Lord of the Clouds.*" A title of Indra. He regulates the supply of rain; hence it is that sacrifices are offered to him during a drought.

68. "*Asùras.*" (*Vide* also Note 63.) These were the declared enemies of the Gods. The *Purànas** of the Hindus are full of accounts of the deadly wars waged between them. Sometimes the Asuras were victors, and carried the Gods away into captivity; at other times, the Gods repulsed them. Of the two, the Asuras were the greater heroes; for they were seldom defeated by the *Devas* without the intervention of the superior Gods. The *Scanda Purùna* recounts how once an Asura became mighty and invincible, in consequence of the power with which he was endowed by Siva, as a reward for the arduous austerities performed by him, and how he subjugated all the Gods, Siva excepted, subjecting them to severe tortures, till Siva, pitying the inferior Gods, called into existence the Indian Mars, Scànda or Kumàra Swàmi, who, as general of the Gods, led their armaments and routed the Asura, who, though cloven in twain by Scanda's javelin, was not yet destroyed, but only transformed into a peacock and cock. As the former, he is supposed to be the steed of the God of War; and as the latter, to emblazon his banner.

* Ancient legends.

69. "*Wis Wàmitra.*" He was originally a king, and belonged to the *warrior* caste; but wishing to attain the sanctity of a Brahmin, he abdicated his throne, and devoted himself to the performance of austerities in honour of Siva, who endowed him with great powers. It was in consequence of an altercation with the *Brahmin* sage, Vasitta, who plumed himself on being a Brahmin, that Wis Wàmitra was goaded to take to a devotee's life. This is the origin of the quarrel between them. Wis Wàmitra is represented as a great braggart, at the same time he is held to be unsurpassed in the performance of arduous austerities, to seduce him from which it was that Indra once employed one of his *houris*. The result of this *amour* was *Sakuntala*, the heroine of the drama so called.

70. "*Triad.*" Which is termed *Trimurtti*—three divinities. Who they are has been explained above. (*Vide* Note 24.)

71. "*Sleepless sleep and deathless death.*" This has reference to Indian mysticism and *Yokam* (*vide* Note 52). When the mind is concentrated on God, as there explained, the soul is supposed to be conscious, and yet unconscious, of all but God—living and yet dead to everything else but the great object of *living—i. e.* to *live* in union with God—to become God. It is hardly necessary to remind European readers that the pantheistic doctrines of the Eleatic philosophers of Greece and of Spinoza were ages before anticipated and taught in India.

72. "*Roam the universe.*" The ancient Hindus thought—and the belief yet lasts—that by subjecting his body to cer-

tain prophylactic conditions, which render it lighter than the ether, as also by means of incantations and magic, a man could become invested with the power of flitting from one world to the other in the great universe. These men are called *Sittas*, and it so happens that they are also in India the principal authorities on medicine. The writings attributed to the Sittas are voluminous, and bear not a little resemblance to those of the scholastic philosophers, who retarded the march of progress in Europe in the middle ages, and against whom Bacon and Descartes aimed their telling shafts. With the power of roaming the universe at will, and invisibly to all but their own order, they rendered their bodies, which were freed from all impurities and corruptible elements by several courses of doctoring, almost immortal, for they had the power of retaining them so long as they liked, and casting them off when they had no use for them. This longevity they are said to have attained by their knowing the life-prolonging elixir. Thus the notion of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story* is ultimately to be traced to the Hindus, amongst whom it prevails yet as a living idea. Like those who of yore searched for the philosopher's stone, there are many Hindus who are quietly and unknown to others prosecuting their researches to come at the "elixir of life." The object which the *Sittas* have in prolonging their lives and in acquiring this power of transporting themselves at will, is not the mere love of existence, which perhaps does not exist in Asia to any great degree, but the desire to visit the different quarters of the universe in search of knowledge and of sages who can instruct them in the best way of attaining the *mòksha*,* or deliverance of the soul from

* *Vide* Appendix to Note 80.

its fetters, and its final union with God. This, at least, is the ostensible reason assigned. The Hindus have also a tradition that, in ancient times, two Sittas of great fame left their country and settled in China and Europe, and thus became the fathers of the Chinese and the modern Europeans.

Vasitta and Wis Wàmitra, and the other sages mentioned in this play, are supposed to possess the same power together with great knowledge.

73. "*Sage of Kosala.*" Kosala is the country to which Wis Wàmitra belonged.

74. "*In the worlds above as in the worlds below.*" In the opinion of the Hindus, there are seven worlds above the earth, and seven below it. But all these form but a speck in their cosmogonic system. Even the immensity which the discoveries of modern astronomy assign to the different systems of the universe falls far short of the infinite proportions of the Indian conception of the plurality of worlds, and the variety of their tenants. The description of the Hindu universe is called "*Anda Cosha.*"

75. "*Tiger—cow.*" This is the corresponding idea to the wolf and lamb of Western writings.

76. "*Raging fire.*" Indian ascetics, to add to the severity of their self-denial and austerities, sometimes seated themselves on a spot surrounded by fire, and went through the different stages of the *Yokam* (52).

77. "*Feud between us.*" *Vide* Note 69.

78. "*Life-prolonging elixir.*" *Vide* Note 72.

79. "*Fate.*" The Hindus are fatalists. Fatalism forms, in fact, part and parcel of their thoughts and language. They have not, however, deified Fate into a God or Goddess, though they represent it in three different phases, which may, perhaps, have been the origin of the "three Fates" of classical literature.

80. "*Dance again.*" This phrase means repeated births and deaths, and has reference to the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, a doctrine which Pythagoras must have evidently borrowed from the East. To explain this and other doctrines, as also to give an insight into the peculiar philosophical tenets whereon is based the popular faith of the masses of the Tamils, who attach much importance to this drama, I append an extract from a paper which I contributed years ago to the Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, on the subject of the religion of the followers of Siva, called "*Saiva Siddântam*" (*vide* Appendix).

81. "*Life is misery.*" "*Know himself.*" This is the true key to all Asiatic philosophy. Existence is the cause of all misery, the *pandit* argues, because but for his existing, he would have never had occasion to suffer. Hence the great wish of the Indians and Budhists to be annihilated or absorbed into the one Supreme Being, and to lose all individuality. In fact, the cause of all man's woe is his severing himself as a distinct entity from the Supreme Being, when in reality he is not so. Self-knowledge, therefore—the γνωθι σεαυτον of the Greek philosophers—consists in India in a man's knowing and believing that he is but a part of God — God himself. Hume's and Berkley's doctrines as to the non-existence

of matter had blossomed and yielded their fruits in the East long before they startled Europe; only the Hindu dialecticians carried them a step further, and propounded that even *spirit* existed not—all was a delusion, and delusion itself nothing. German transcendentalism could not certainly tower higher or be more cloudy than the hazy conclusions of the Hindu.

82. "*Carna.*" One of the heroes of the epic *Rāmayana.* His liberality was unbounded. He never refused to give anything that was asked of him. Hence, in the present day, if a man be exceedingly liberal, he is, in this sense of the word, called a *Carna.*

83. The meaning intended to be conveyed by this passage is that the mound of gold was of extraordinary size. The Hindu poets, true to the Oriental cast of their minds, dealt largely in hyperboles.

84. "*Pours water mixed with sesamum seed into the palms.*" This was the usual sign of transfer; it is observed by the Hindus even now on religious occasions. Of course it is not held binding in law.

85. "*Incantation.*" The belief in magic is common to the Hindus with other Eastern nations: it yet retains its hold on them. There are several treatises on the subject.

86. Hospitality is one of the sacred duties of the Hindus, and it is considered by them, in theory at least, that for a man to act against a person in whose house he has been feasted is a great sin.

87. "*Want of rain.*" The frequent allusions to rain in this work will show its value in a climate like that of India, where, as an Eastern poet expresses it, "unless rain-drops fall, it will be difficult to find even a single blade of grass."

88. "*The animals.*" Beasts and birds are supposed to have a language of their own, by means of which they intercommunicate their ideas. It is understood by sages and holy men. Sometimes, like *Balaam's* ass, Indian animals are made to speak the human language.

89. "*A boar really as large as a mountain.*" Hyperboles are characteristic of Oriental writings.

90. "*The champac and mellica.*" Two species of Indian flowers: the former has been noticed above (Note 45); the latter is a flower of delicious scent, milk-white in colour, and small in size. Some consider it to be the *Nyctanthes.*

91. "*Mainas.*" A black bird, with a yellow beak of the size of a parrot, and exceedingly pretty. They are pet birds, and are taught to speak.

92. "*Ascetics,*" such as described in this passage, must have been the *Gymnosophists* mentioned by the Greek writers who accompanied Alexander in his fruitless expedition into India. There are at times to be found men who walk in a state of almost entire nudity, even in the centre of populous towns. The Hindus worship some of these men as if they were demi-gods. They pretend to possess the power of foretelling events, and of averting the misfortunes and evils which beset their votaries.

93. "*As speech excites the mind.*" The Hindu philosophers having for their object the perfect subjugation of the mind and the lulling of its desires and passions to sleep as it were, before they commence contemplating the Divinity in their mystic exercises, sometimes enjoined their disciples to abstain from speech for several years together. Thus deprived of one of the important vehicles of thought, the thoughts themselves gradually became few and far between. These men are called *mounis, i. e.* silent men. The road to heaven itself is called *silence*, or *maunam, i. e.* the silencing of the wicked mind, which they conceive to be the cause of all the evils with which the soul is beset.

94. Dreams, like omens of all kinds, were made the subject of a special science: explaining their purport, and if possible averting their evil consequences, were the especial province of priests, astrologers, and elderly *pater* and *matex familias.*

95. "*Silver canopy of state.*" Eastern monarchs sat on the throne under a canopy, umbrella, or *chatra.* This, made of silver, was one of the inseparable insignia of sovereignty. Some derive the Hellenic word *satrap* from this, while others consider it to be derived from *Kshètra*, a country.

96. "*Zenana,*" the apartment exclusively devoted to the women of the palace, called in Sanscrit the *antapurra*, which, occurring in a subsequent passage, means the same thing. The latter implies "the inner apartment."

97. "*We perish.*" In India also there were representatives of the followers of Epicurus, who taught that

happiness consisted in satisfying one's sensual desires. These were called *Lokayuthers, i. e., worldly men.* In justice it must be stated, that in no other literature are there to be found severer diatribes against the emptiness of woman's love and the *ugliness* of all her fascinations, than in that of Indian philosophy. For the belief was that it was comparatively easy to wean the mind from all other desires or follies; but that it required a special preaching to wean man from woman, and woman from man (for be it known that India had philosopher*esses* too); hence their vilifying and pooh-poohing what in other countries assumed the position of a sanctified and hallowed affection.

98. "*Gyardians.*" Demons and giants are represented as taking a peculiar delight in disturbing the sacrifices and religious rites of the sages. Kings and warriors were, therefore, called upon to guard them against such intruders. The readers of the *Rámavana* will recollect that one of the first feats of valour performed by its hero was the destruction of a giantess, who proved herself too powerful for even the haughty Wis Wàmitra.

99. "*Ochre-tinged clothes.*" Such are the garments of Indian mendicants. In the East, Jesuit priests have at times adopted the same clothes. Ochre is also the colour of the robes of the Budhist priests.

100. "*Chain hooked into the flesh.*" One of the austerities practised by Indian fanatics which is not yet quite out of date. It was also resorted to as a torture.

101. "*Margosa*," a plant, the stem and leaves of which have a very bitter taste. The leaves are used to drive flies away from small-pox patients; some hold that a species of quinine can be extracted from the bark of the tree.

102. "*Facing the east.*" Amongst the four cardinal points, the north and the east were always preferred; and of these, the east. The south was highly objectionable, as the realms of the Indian Pluto, Yama, were situate there. The north was liked, because the abode of Siva was in that direction. Sunrise and sunset must have operated in deciding the merits of the east and west. Mahometans are also very particular as to what direction they face when offering their prayers. This custom is somewhat similar to that adopted in English cathedrals, of turning to the east when going through certain portions of the service.

103. "*Eating the fruits of the sins attaching to former births.*" This has relation to the doctrine of transmigration: the fruits of the merits and demerits earned by the soul at each birth are supposed to be reserved for enjoyment or suffering for the next and so on, *ad infinitum*, till the soul is liberated from the clutches of Fate or *Kanmam* by Divine knowledge. (*Vide* also §§ 4 and 5 of Appendix to Note 80.)

104. "*Kill even a cow.*" This is a greater sin in the eyes of the Hindu than killing even a Brahmin. Hence arises his hatred of *beef-eaters* in general. All superstitions, when thoroughly sifted, have a sediment of sound sense; the wiseacres of India, perhaps, thought it prudent to prohibit beef-eating, as oxen were the animals employed

for tilling the ground and carrying loads. Camels are of recent introduction. The ox is also the animal which is ridden by the Indian God Siva.

105. "*Kiddy*," something in the shape of the *bones* used by Christy's Minstrels. It was used as an instrument of torture to press down the fingers.

106. "*Tie his head up with a span's length of rope*," *i.e.* so tightly as would require the use of but very little rope.

107. "*Sani*" corresponds to the planet Saturn. Astrologers and their dupes dread *Sani*. It is believed by them that every person must, in the course of his life, be brought under the influence of this planet, when misfortunes generally form his lot for the nonce. So when any one labours under any great evils, he is said to be "*suffering from Sani*."

108. "*Mother Earth*." Earth is a goddess in the Indian mythology.

109. "*Thunderbolt of Indra*." Indra, as explained before, is the Lord of the Clouds, and is thus viewed as the wielder of the thunderbolt.

110. "*Ala-tree*"—commonly called the *banian* tree; it may, perhaps, be considered the oak of the East, at least so far as similes are concerned.

111. "*Zahara*." This word seems to convey the best idea of what is meant by a *Pâla Vanam*.

112. "*Those arms wherein dwells the Goddess of Valour.*" The Goddess of Valour, *Veera Lakshmi*, was believed to dwell in the arms of warriors.

113. "*Gaumadi*," supposed to be the present *Goomtee*, a branch of the Ganges.

114. "*Leaves.*" The resources of the vegetable world as food for man can only be conceived in their entirety in India, where there is hardly a plant, shrub, root, or leaf, which the Hindu does not import into his culinary preparations. India has had its *vegetarian* Soyer too; for there is still extant a book or books, which deal with the mysteries of the Indian *cuisine*.

115. "*Brotherless or sisterless.*" The Orientals fancy that being born with brothers and sisters makes a man tender-hearted, and the reverse hard-hearted.

116. "*Inundation.*" Sudden inundations are common enough in the rivers of India, especially in the wet season, and have caused the destruction of men and beasts, caught unawares in the waters.

117. "*Flames shoot from their mouths.*" Some species of devils are believed by the Easterns to be "*over-fiery*," and in this manner "*Their feet touch not the earth.*" The belief is also that devils never tread the ground, but always move in the ether.

118. "*Jackals and dogs follow them.*" These were supposed to be the companions of the devils, so much so, that whenever an Oriental heard at night any great uproar

caused by the canine race, he generally imputed it to the excitement or merriment caused by the presence of devils.

119. "*Human vermin.*" According to the Orientals, man, instead of being "the lord of creation," is but a few grades above the lowest type of animated existence, there being an infinite series above him. The Darwinians may obtain some useful suggestions, on matters akin to these, even from the "*unobservant*" Indians.

120. "*Judgment Hall of the God of Death.*" The Indian Pluto (*vide* also Note 32) sat in judgment over the souls escorted to his realm, and decided, according to their merits or demerits, whether heaven or hell was to be their portion. When a soul's meritorious conduct was manifest and well established, it never entered Yama's region, but was escorted by the gods direct to Paradise.

121. "*The wife should not survive her husband.*" The ancient Indians, as has been intimated above, were carried away by some such ideas as those entertained by Shelley, respecting the relation subsisting between husband and wife. They thought the bride and bridegroom formed but one being—ought to exist together, enjoy together, and die together. Yet though the surviving wife was often immolated at a *suttee* on the funeral pile of the dead husband, curiously enough the corresponding obligation was never fulfilled in the alternative case by the surviving husband also accompanying the dead wife on her journey to the other world.

122. "*Goper.*" This is a lofty building over the gate-

way of an Indian temple, resembling, in some respects, the towers of Christian churches, and consisting of several stories.

123. "*Vis Wanàth*," *i. e.* "*lord of the world*"—another name for Siva, who is worshipped by that name at Kàsi or Benares.

124. "*Maruda and vilva trees.*" The former, a tree with dark foliage, generally grows on the banks of rivers; the latter is a sacred plant, corresponding, perhaps, to the *bo* tree of the Budhists. The leaves of the vilva are of the shape of the javelin.

125. "*Kuvera.*" The God of Wealth; his residence was called *Alegà poori*, *i. e.* the city of beauty.

126. "*Pandits*," *i. e.* learned men.

127. "*Mantras.*" Hymns forming portions of the Indian ritual.

128. "*Saraswati*," the Minerva of India; she is the wife of the Creating God, Brahma, and is supposed to dwell in his tongue.

129. "*Proceed.*" Indian cities were generally divided into separate quarters, each occupied by a particular caste. Unlawful intrusion into each other's *locale* was sometimes a *casus belli* amongst the inhabitants.

130. "*They clap their shoulders.*" This is a kind of *bravado* and challenge combined.

131. "*Vaisyas.*" This and other terms referring to different castes, such as *Brahmins*, *Kshetryas*, and *Shudras*, are explained in Note 9.

132. "*Spine-bender*," an instrument of torture, which, when applied to a man, made him contract his body by bending forwards. It was attached to the shoulders, and fastened by means of a rope to the body; the rope was then gradually contracted. Happily, these instruments of torture are no longer in use.

133. "*Place on your head . . . some pieces of straw.*" This was a means of indicating to the public that a man was for sale. After sale, the straw was delivered to the purchaser. In the case of animals, the rope which was attached to the neck of the animal was handed to the purchaser, as a sign of transfer.

134. "*Number of the births.*" This refers to the doctrine of transmigration. (*Vide* Note 103.)

135. "*Sàyucchya*" means the absorption of the soul in God. It is opposed to the Budhist doctrine of Nir Wàna or annihilation of the soul. In *Sàyucchya*, the soul exist in union with God. (*Vide* Appendix, p. 257.)

136. The corresponding passage to this in the Phædo has been pointed out in the Introduction (*vide* p. xiii.)

137. Every horse in the East has, besides its groom, a grass-cutter, who is paid to provide the horse with

a bundle of grass daily. This is considered to be a yet more menial occupation than even that of looking after the horse, which is generally the avocation of a *Pariah.*

138. "*The burner of the corpses.*" The Hindus always *burn* their dead bodies, except those of the victims of small-pox, which are buried. Each city or village has its burner —called the *Vettyàn.* The friends and relations escort the funeral to the cemetery, and, after the son of the deceased has set fire to the pile, they return home, leaving the Vettyàn to wait to see the body thoroughly consumed. On the next morning the relations go to the spot, and, collecting the ashes and bones, throw them into some neighbouring river or estuary. "The burner of the corpses" was also at times the public executioner. The funeral ceremonies are many, and some of them resemble those of the Greeks and Egyptians.

139. "*Vasitta marry a Pariah woman.*" (*Vide* Note 50.)

140. "*Tiruwallever.*" The author of the *Kural,* one of the best treatises on Eastern ethics. He is held to have been of Pariah extraction; yet even in India learning elevated him to a high station. Such cases as these prove that, after all, the caste institutions of India were not always as rigorous as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

141. "*An earthen pot.*" The poorer classes saved their money in small globular earthen vessels or tills, which had but a small opening to let in the coin. These were generally kept hidden, and sometimes buried under

ground. When the vessels were filled with coin, they were broken, and the money invested in some gold or silver ornament.

142. "*Pollution.*" This is not carried to extremes now: only when there is death in any house, its inmates cook no meals on the day, but are provided with them by their relations or friends.

143. "*The rice with which the corpses' mouths are filled.*" This custom is invariably observed. The rice is dyed yellow or red.

144. "*Sprinkle the floor with saffron.*" After sweeping the ground, to remove the dust, water, mixed with saffron, is generally sprinkled over it.

145. "*Kalams of rice.*" Kalam is a large measure yet in use.

146. "*Kusa-grass.*" A species of grass considered very holy. It is the *Poa Cynosuroides.*

147. "*Pujah.*" The worship of the gods, comprising prayers and the performance of ceremonies. Strictly, this is idol-worship: a few of the ceremonies performed in some temples during the *pujah* bear a close affinity to the ceremonial worship of Jehovah by the Jews at the tabernacle. Indeed, in one temple in India, there is even the *sanctum sanctorum*, which none has entered, not even the high priest, and within which the spirit of God himself is supposed to dwell. This is at *Chillumbram*, in the Madras

presidency. Besides the *pujah* in the temples, every Hindu, and especially a Brahmin, performs a *pujah*, on a small scale, at his own house.

148. "*Destroy not the young shoots of tender plants.*" This is considered one of the minor sins. It must be borne in mind that the Hindus assign a soul to every plant.

149. "*Draw the poison out.*" Indian magicians pretend to possess the power of summoning a snake with the view of compelling it to suck out the poison from the body into which it instilled it.

150. "*Ala-tree.*" (*Vide* Note 110.)

APPENDIX TO NOTE 80.

Of the various systems of philosophy in which Hindu literature abounds, one of the most important is *Sáiva Siddántam*. Although the doctrines which it propounds are strictly esoteric, and calculated for the comprehension and enlightenment only of those who have been initiated into its mysteries, yet it is this system which forms the groundwork whereon the huge fabric of Hindu popular theology is based. It thus becomes the fountain head, whence the religious creed of millions of Hindus in India and Ceylon is derived. As such, it is worthy the attention of the public. The subject, however, is too extensive to be dealt with, in all its ramifications, within the limits

of this contribution, and this crude attempt will therefore be confined to a rough pencilling out of the most prominent features of this vast panorama of literary and metaphysical grandeur.

It aspires to a divine origin, and assumes the authority of a direct revelation from God, it being asserted that "Sivan (God), through his chamberlain *Nanti*, revealed to *Sanatkumaran*, in consequence of his high devotion, the system of sacred science, called *Raûrava Agamam*." This Agamam is the principal authority on this subject; but the matter contained in it has likewise furnished the theses of innumerable treatises of extensive learning and research, written by some of the most highly gifted men of genius of both ancient and modern Hindustan. The Tamil literati of Southern India have been particularly active in this department of human knowledge; and the results of their labours have been handed down to posterity in works clothed in the best, but the most difficult, strains of the rich and lofty *Shen* Tamil.* Amongst these, *Sivâ Gnâna Pôtham*, by *Meykanda Nâyanâr; Siva Gnâna Sitti*, by *Arunanti Nâyanar;* and *Sivapprakâsam*, by *Umâpathi Asâryar*, are held in the highest esteem. Our information will be drawn chiefly from these sources.

The style of these writings is didactic, and they contain the best examples of Hindu dialectics, which, *en passant*, are considered by some to be at least an expansion of the syllogism of Aristotle, if not the origin thereof. It is no easy task, even for the learned amongst the Tamils, to understand fully, and expound clearly and correctly, these elaborate treatises; and it must be confessed, that the effort

* There are two kinds of Tamil—the one High Tamil, called *Shen* Tamil; the other, Low Tamil, called *Kodun* Tamil.

to reproduce the ideas and sentiments contained in them in an English garb, and in a manner acceptable and interesting to all, is not less difficult.

Sâiva Siddântam professes to treat of—

I. *Pathi*—God.
II. *Pasu*—Soul.
III. *Pâsam.**

An accurate and complete knowledge of the nature and bearings of these three subjects, denominated otherwise *Tripathârtham*, is of essential consequence, in the eyes of Hindu *savans*, for the attainment of the only true object of this life—the *Mutti*, or heavenly bliss in the other.

God, Soul, and Pâsam, are the three eternal and imperishable entities, whence the universe and all its chequered phenomena have sprung forth into existence, and whereinto all and every one of them will be ultimately resolved.

Attention will be directed to each of them in their order.

I. *Pathi*—GOD.

Pathi is but one of the many names by which the supreme God is known to the Hindus. He is also called *Brahm*, *Parabrahm*, *Para Sivan*. The last term gives the characteristic name to the school of Indian philosophy under notice.

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* Lit. fetter, chain, that which keeps the soul originally in a state of bondage and ignorance. This will be more fully explained hereafter.

The existence of such a being as the Creator of the World, is proved by means of various arguments. One of these happens to be identical with the argument which was first advanced by Socrates, but afterwards fully expounded in Paley's memorable work on Natural Theology. It is comprised in the following stanza from *Siva Gnâna Sitti.*

"As the whole world which is known under the designations of *He, She, and It,* comes into existence (without having existed previously), exists, and is destroyed, in an *orderly* manner, (it follows) that there is one who is the creator of this world, and who is the beginning and end in himself. His existence is permanent, and he is in the form of a spirit freed from (*Pâsam*) evil from eternity."

This stanza admits also of a construction from which some commentators raise a fresh argument for the necessity of a creator of the universe. The reasoning is to the following effect:—

1. The world is not eternal: *consequenter,*
2. It had a commencement, and did not exist before such commencement: *ergo,*
3. It could not have created itself; it requires some cause other than itself to bring it into existence.

The nature of God is to the following effect:—

"Though God pervades the whole world, yet he is other than the world; for he is spiritual, and the world is material.

"As sound and the tune, so God and the world. As sound is to the tune, filling all its notes, so God is to the world, pervading all its forms.

"As the fruit and the flavour, so God and the world. As flavour pervades all parts of the fruit, so God pervades the world from the first.

"He is in intimate union with the Soul, yet he is other than the Soul.

"He is eternal, pure, has no equals or superiors.

"He has neither qualities nor names; is omnipotent; is omniscient; is the source of understanding to innumerable souls; is illimitable in his nature; exists in the shape of *Gnánam* (divine wisdom); is the form of happiness; is difficult of access to unstable worshippers, but is easily approached by those who worship in the regular course; and shines as the least of the little and the greatest of the great."

The proof for the existence of a Creator, and the refutation of the tenets of *Lokáyuther* (the Indian Epicurean philosophers), and of other sects who maintain atheism, and attribute the world to chance, occupy many stanzas teeming with apt illustration and ingenious arguments in *Sitti*. The next subject in order is

II. *Pasu*—SOUL.

The existence of a soul within the human organism, and as different from the "mortal coil," is established by what is called "*Olivu*," the rule of exception, in Hindu logic. The argument on this subject is as follows:—

A man says "This thing is mine," "That thing is not mine." Here it is evident that there is a thing owned or not owned, and a man owning or not owning. In the same manner, it is often said, "This is my body," "This is my face," "This is my hand." Here it is obvious that there exists something apart from the body, the face, and the hand, and owning them. This is the Soul. Again, it is usual to say, "I thought so," "I did so," "I said so." Here also there exists something other than the

thought, the deed, and the saying. This something is the Soul.

There are also other arguments given for the existence of the human soul. These are based chiefly on the phenomena of Death and Sleep. They are to the following effect:—

1. At Death, all animation becomes extinct, though the human frame is left entire; *consequenter*,
2. Animation must be traced to some other source than the human frame.
3. This source is the Human Soul.

As to the nature of the Soul. It is not God, nor an emanation from God, as the Vedântists hold. It is an individual being; an eternal one, being uncreated and immortal. Souls are not one in essence, as some maintain; but are manifold and imperishable. In their primordial state they are not only unintelligent, but even unconscious.

The third head of inquiry is

III. *Pâsam*—(FETTER, CHAIN).

This Pâsam is that which as it were binds the soul to a state of bondage, unconsciousness, and ignorance, in its original state. It is subdivided into three parts. These are:—

1°. *Anava Malam.*
2°. *Mâya Malam.*
3°. *Kanma Malam.*

Anava Malam is the source of unconsciousness and ignorance to the soul.

Mâya Malam is that which operates in the removal of

the unconsciousness and ignorance of the soul, by becoming the material basis of the universe and Man.

Kanma Malam is the accumulation of merit and demerit acquired by the souls in their previous states of development in organized forms.

The term *Malam* means rust or dirt: the three *Mâlâms* forming the rust or dirt of the soul in its original state of non-development.

Pâsam exists from eternity and is imperishable, except so far as *Mâya Malam* and *Kanma Malam* are concerned. When the two latter are removed from the soul, and *Anava Malam* loses its strength, then the soul will be liberated from the grasp of *Pâsam*, and be ripe for attaining *Mutti* or heaven.

IV. THE RELATION BETWEEN GOD, SOUL, AND PASAM.

God exists from eternity, alone, by himself, apart from the Soul and *Pâsam*. But the two latter are linked in intimate union with each other—*Pasam* enveloping the Soul. This abnormal condition of the soul is from eternity. It is unaccountable. It is a mystery. Here the Soul lies in a state of bondage, denuded even of thought. In consequence, it is miserable and unhappy. This relation of Pâsam to the Soul is analogous to that which subsists between the husk of the paddy and the rice which it envelopes, or between the rusty coating and the copper which it conceals.

This link between the soul and Pâsam is not, however, indissoluble. The chain will be severed—the soul will gain its freedom. It will ultimately be drawn away from the grasp of the Archangel of Evil—Pâsam—and be received

into the bosom of the *summum bonum*—God. It will then shine in its true and resplendent glory in the august presence of the King of the Universe—even in mystic union with *Parabrahm*. This is *Mutti*. Here the soul does not lose its individuality, nor is it annihilated. But it exists in *attuvetham*—unity in duality. This is called *sâyucchiya* —the heaven of the *Sâiva Siddântists*, as *Nirwana* is that of the *Vedantists* and *Budhists*.

V. MAN.

To break through its thraldom the soul had not the power. But God, who is "an Ocean of mercy," pitied the soul in its distress. He willed that the soul should be freed from the clutches of *Pâsam*; and simultaneously with the will, the fiat went forth that the soul should be developed in human organism, or, in other words, that man should be created. In this manner the soul descends to this universe, for it is here that the course lies where the soul is to run its race from the goal of evil—*Pâsam*—to the goal of good—God. Creation is not one of "the beautiful sports of God." It is pregnant with a serious purport. Its object is the deliverance of the soul; for *Pâsam*, before it will relax its hold on the soul, demands satisfaction for the loss it sustains in parting with it. The demand has been met by summoning this world and man into existence. And here, when he shall have "balanced off his demerit by his merit"—his evil deeds by his good deeds—he will then, and then alone, stand in a position fit for liberation.

The development of the soul in the human organism is, according to this system of philosophy, curious, if not interesting. It views man as a microcosm. All the essential constituents of the boundless universe are coiled up likewise proportionately in puny man. And as God is

the King of the universe, so is the Soul the King of the miniature universe—man.

Man is said to be composed of ninety-six *Tattuvams*—a word which, like many other technical terms of this school, does not admit of being rendered in English, although the words "category," "principle," "power," "organ," "property," approximate to it in meaning. The order in which the *Tattuvams* are evolved from *Pathi* and *Pâsam*, their names and their characteristic properties, and the parts which they are intended to play in the human organism, are given with great minuteness in the works above mentioned. But notice will here be taken of only the principal Tattuvams.

By the grace of *Pathi* there was developed from *Sutta mâyei*—pure elemental matter which was united with deity from eternity—*Nâtham*, the male energy of *Pathi*. From *Nâtham* was evolved *Vintu*, the female energy of *Pathi*. And from *Vintu*, *Sathâkkiyam*, in which both the male and female energies inhere: from *Sathakkiyam*, *Isuran*, the obscuring God; and from him, *Rudra*, the destroying God. These divine developments are associated with the soul with a view of prompting it on towards final deliverance.

For the use of these developments, and for the purpose of drawing the soul out from its state of unconsciousness, as it exists imbedded in *Pâsam*, into a state of intelligence and activity, there are evolved from the above-mentioned *Vintû*, the four *Vâkku*, which may be translated as organic bases of intelligence. These are:—

1°. *Sukkumei.*
2°. *Peisanti.*
3°. *Veikari.*
4°. *Mattimei.*

All these were unfolded from pure elemental matter, and by the agency of Pathi. The productions that follow were drawn out of *Pâsam*—impure elemental matter—and by the instrumentality of the divine developments detailed above.

By the grace of *Sathakkiyam*, there are evolved from *Asutta Mâyei*, impure elemental matter—

1°. *Kâlam*—Time.
2°. *Niyathi*—Fate.
3°. *Kalei*—Continency.

Kâlam attaches to souls the results of past time, the fruit of the present time, and whatever is new in future time. *Niyathi* will make sure to souls their respective *Kanmam*, *i. e.* the due meed for their good and bad deeds. *Kalei* operates to a certain extent in the removal of *Pâsam*.

From *Kalei* are developed—

1°. *Vittei*—the power of thought. And from *Vittei*,
2°. *Râkam*—the desire to relish the pleasures of sense, which was necessary to make the souls eat the fruits of merit and demerit.

Again, by the grace of *Rudra*, *Pracriti* is evolved from *Kalei*. From *Pracriti*, which is the material basis of the subsequent productions, spring the *Mukkanam*, the three moral properties, viz.—

1°. *Sâttu Vikam* (lit. goodness)—this prompts the soul to divine wisdom; to truth and love.
2°. *Râsatham* (lit. passion). Here lie the propensities to pride and selfishness.
3. *Tâmatham* (lit. darkness)—cause of laziness, stupidity, drowsiness.

The position of the three moral qualities, as they exist undeveloped in *Pracriti*, is called *Avyaktam*. From this is evolved—

1°. *Sittam*—the thinking principle. From Sittam,

2°. *Púti*—judgment. And from *Púti*,

3°. *Akangâram*—This is the individualizing principle.

This *Akangâram* is threefold, viz.—

1°. *Teisatha—akangâram*, wherefrom *manam* (mind), the understanding and the five perceptive organs are evolved.

2°. *Veikari—akangâram*, wherefrom "the five organs of action" are evolved. These are the mouth, the feet, the hands, and the excretory organs.

3°. *Puthâthi—akangâram*, wherefrom the five rudimental elements are evolved. These are Sound, Touch, Form, Taste, Smell;—these are called *Tanmâttirei*.

From Sound is evolved ether; from Touch, air; from Form, fire; from Taste, water; from Smell, earth.

These are the essential items that make up man, and from those above enumerated. Tattuvams, many other subsidiary ones are evolved to make up the ninety-six Tattuvams. This part of the *Sâiva Siddântam* often proves difficult to many, and an incipient Hindu philosopher devotes the first months of his study to an investigation of it.

The intelligent and active state of the soul is called *Sakkiram*, when all the ninety-six Tattuvams are in full vigour and play, and when the soul takes its seat in the forehead between the eyebrows. *Soppanam* is the state of a man when asleep. Here all but twenty-four of the

Tattuvams are lulled into inactivity, and the soul descends to a seat in the neck. It experiences here only what it had seen in *Sakkiram*. This is the phenomenon of dreams. *Sulutti* is the stage below *Soppanam*. Here the soul exists in the heart in company with only two Tattuvams—the will and the vital principle. The soul is incapable of distinguishing anything here. From this, the soul drops down into the navel, and exists in the state called *Turiyam*, in union with the vital principle alone. Here it ceases to think. Next below is the *Turiyâthitham*, where the soul descends deprived of even the vital principle. This is Death.

The polar star of life is, then, according to this philosophy, the deliverance of the *Pasu* from the *Pâsam*. But Pasu soon loses sight of this object. The soul once set in motion in the human organism revolves on from life to death—from death to life—from birth to birth—from age to age—ever bounding away from God, and never rebounding towards him; as if it were a planet of the solar system actuated by some chance or other by the centrifugal force alone, without the co-operation of the centripetal force likewise; until its wayward course is arrested and a new direction given to it towards the centre of the orbit—even *Pathi*—"the Sun of wisdom." This takes place at last when the soul's merit and demerit (kanmam) have been cancelled, and there is no residue left to be eaten up at future births. Then there will be a cessation of births, and the soul will be ripe for liberation. The state of a man who has arrived at this phase of existence is called *Tivira Satti nipatham*. It is thus described in Sivapprakâsam:—"For such a man this world will possess no charm. He will ignore it. He will lothe his own body in the same manner in which the bearers of a worm-eaten

corpse will detest it, when, on their way to the burial-ground, the worms fall on them. When he finds himself in union with the warring mental faculties within his bosom, he will feel like an elephant in the paw of a lion. When he sees that he is in co-operation with the organs of sense and the organs of action, he will cry out like a frog in a snake's mouth. The way in which he will fear the influence of his family and friends, and leave them, is like that in which one, who has lain down to rest without knowing that there was a snake in his bed, will, on awaking and seeing the snake, hasten away with terror; or like that in which a person whose house is on fire leaves his goods and hastens to escape by any way which he sees."

The following stanza, from *Siva Gnâna Sitti*, describes with great pathos and beauty (which are, however, lost in a translation) the manner in which God will reclaim the lost soul:—

"As a king, whose son had strayed away from him and lived in ignorance of his father amongst the *Veddahs* (wild men), will, on discovering the son, exclaim to him, 'Come to me, O, thou darling child of mine!' and make him a participator of the happiness that he (the king) himself enjoys; so even will the Supreme God present himself before the soul when in distress, from being enmeshed in the net of the five *Veddahs*—senses, and, severing the soul from Pasam, will assimilate it to himself and bless it with his holy feet."

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